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...Benson & Hedges 100's.
Same price as ordinary kings.
But smoother because
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The longer the cigarette the smoother the smoke.



Canada Report

NOVEMBER 1989

1 CANADIAN IN 5 IS POOR, MAD—AND GETTING Madder

CANADA'S POOR, three million of them, have been slow to public anger. That may not be so soon as it might seem, for they are proving quick to learn.

For the first time since the hunger marches of the 1930s on Regent and Ottawa, unprecedented resistance is being purposefully channeled into rent strikes, city-hall demonstrations, sit-ins at legislatures, a sophisticated use of television, radio and lobbying. A new breed of articulate and militant poor is emerging, absorbing anger from being an invisible one-fourth or more of all Canadians in the big lead, frustration from a welfare system that keeps them poor, and anger from student rebellions, British riot squires and street riots in the United States. They are organizing—in Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Victoria, Kingston, Ottawa. They demand more welfare less degradingly administered, but also changes in the unequal conditions that surround them. So conservative a leader as Premier Barry Stinson of Alberta said daily from the federal poor may "revolt against these conditions."

In Victoria in October, Federal Health and Welfare Minister John Munro sat in silence, but an audience applauded, as a woman said: "I'm a doctor. I need all my clothes and all my kids' clothes because I can't afford to buy them on welfare. I hope to God I don't get caught." In Calgary, Mrs. Mary Alice Payton and Mrs. Maryanne Pennington spoke to Alberta Social Development Minister Ray Spedden on behalf of a reform group called No Other Way (NOW). They told of the humiliation of vouchers in a supermarket, of dark stamping WELFARE on their shopping bags, of children having to present infantile vouchers to teachers before their classrooms for books. A young Calgary mother stood with her baby held a dozen blocks

daily for fresh milk and other food—the corner store and the children refuse to accept vouchers.

"Unless we make some real progress in creating a better life for the poor, Canada will experience explosive violence," Dr. C. F. Bentley, dean of agriculture at the University of Alberta, warned this summer. Some conservative young people asked a Toronto group of poor, who heavily call themselves The Just Society, how they could help. "You can tear down your establishment structures, from the union," replied the society's spokeswoman, John Mooney. In Victoria, social worker Reg Clarkson threatens to burn down some of the most squalid welfare housing, he says "the next step has to be violence against things." A young mother of two, part of Montreal's 250,000 poor who are forming militant activist groups, asks, "Why shouldn't we fight with violence? We have no title to lose."

The Economic Council of Canada says a shocking \$6 billion, or 41 percent of

At least 2,000,000 children under 16 live in poverty in families that earn less than \$4,000 a year, only one child in eight continues past high school.

Some 350,000 women with 1,000,000 children are on welfare. There are 3,000,000 poor women in Canada—women on the brink of the poor.

One in five of Canada's 5,600,000 non-farm families earn below \$3,000 a year. More than 160,000 have less than \$1,000 a year. Almost 500,000 rural families earn less than \$3,000 a year.

In boom-town Calgary one person in 20 depends on welfare cheques. Half of these are children and one third are families headed by a woman who has been widowed, divorced, separated or depressed. That one-in-20 figure also applies to "Good Life" British Columbia. One hundred thousand persons are on welfare in Alberta, about 30,000 in Montreal, about 15,000 in Metro Toronto.

It is not as if progress are squandering growing fortunes on welfare. Expenditures by all governments on health and social welfare in 1980-81 were \$3,355,000,000 or 8.2 percent of the gross national product. By 1984-85 health and welfare expenditures had risen to \$6.5 billion, still only 9.4 percent of the GNP. In straight welfare, all governments in Canada spent roughly \$37 billion last year.

A still-to-be-completed affidavit in that welfare recipients are not-do-well workers, not workers. The ECC says, "This is simply incorrect—most of the poor are ready to seize appropriate job opportunities."

Only 27 percent of the poorest of all Canadians below the poverty line come from government payments—and many of these are the family allowance cheques and old-age pension that everybody gets. Only 10 or 11 percent of all people on welfare are employable unemployed. The rest are catastrophically

BY COURTNEY TOWER

Canadians, are poor. A more conservative ECC yardstick says a family of three earning less than \$3,000 a year is below the poverty line. If that is true, 4,700,000 Canadians (18 percent) live in poverty.

A majority of poor people are on welfare, perhaps about 12 million. The ECC says most poor people pay more taxes than they receive in welfare payments. A married man with two children pays taxes on income above \$3,000 a year. Overturning, the ECC says, helps keep the poor that way. Finance Minister Edgar Benson says the economy would lose five billion dollars if he reduced taxes on low-income people. Is that weakly best?



The Smirnoff Brunch: Worth dropping by for.

Nothing makes brunch take off like Smirnoff. Real Smirnoff. It's what revs up the Screwdrivers and gets your soufflé off the ground. And only a Smirnoff Bloody Mary can make Eggs Benedict sprout wings. Brunch without Smirnoff? A crashing bore.

Always ask for **Smirnoff** it leaves you breathless
VODKA

unemployed, they are old, socially or physically ill, or are unsupported mothers of dependent children.

The ECU especially evokes criticism of the poor. The poor mostly live in areas where school facilities and teachers are inadequate, where the environment encourages dropping out. There is wage discrimination against women, who head most welfare families. Federal mass-powering efforts do not work, and are not co-ordinated with welfare programs. There is an irreducible prohibition of "largely untrained" federal, provincial, municipal and private welfare efforts, which leaves poor people intimidated and confused about their rights.

The welfare bureaucracy lives by inflexible rules, which can keep a family down. A family is not permitted to earn enough extra money, above its welfare cheque, to bail itself economically and thus indirectly so that it can go off welfare. Ontario refuses to pay income supplements to persons who are employed but are under the poverty line, although Ottawa will contribute to that under the Canada Assistance Plan.

There are inflexible schedules of payments for rent (almost always unaffordably low), food and clothing. In Mont-

real, the maximum monthly revenue permitted two adults and two children is \$180; the Montreal Diet Dispensary says such a family should have a maximum of \$274, including dental and medical fees, medicine, insurance, telephone. Montreal parents say they must scrimp like the rest of the country "out of the food," keep children home from school when they can't afford lunches.

Welfare workers can be regarded as the rules. A social worker is Orlene Adams. "We still often feel that to be poor is one's own fault." Social workers often burgle into the homes of welfare who don't have husbands' second, sometimes refusing to let a man in not a ruler or in their beds. Many trust welfare as charity, not as a right.

And so low-income pressure groups are forming across the country. They are getting more attention. Underfunded, undermanned, understaffed, Montreal's St. Jacques district, where sub-subsidized slum buildings run with Place des Arts, set up their own free medical clinic staffed by volunteer doctors. Now they are working on day-care centres for children. (Gervais Chénier, a day-care sub-centre prevents mothers from working) and kept-on programs. The spirit in St.

Jacques is exhilarating. "We are fed up with so-called charity," says a 42-year-old mother of five who receives just \$165 in social assistance.

The Montreal Park Citizens' Committee, busy developing a six-block downtown development project in Montreal, is challenging the right of private enterprise to do as it pleases without the consent of tenants. Several groups are applying similar tactics in Toronto and other cities. Throughout Canada, groups protest the replacement of downtown housing by expensive high-rises, while public housing is sold to cheap land lords from city-employment, schools had shopping.

Ottawa has a similar day-care and welfare study underway, but sources say to expect no action soon. The Conservatives and NDP say a guaranteed minimum income for everyone would cut the welfare tangle, remove many of the depredations of welfare welfare by suggestion. Prime Minister Trudeau means publicly passed about this proposal, saying it will have to be discussed some time or other. Whether or not a guaranteed income is the answer, the minimum provision that the government has to do. Trudeau for leadership in resolving Canada's welfare mess. □

THE NORTH

Waiting for the cheque is still a way of life

IN THE FRONT WINDOW of the little wood-frame convenience food in Macdonald, Ont., an Italian couple from a poster that declares:

WE WILL WAIT NO LONGER.

The message is only a dream. Waiting is a way of life in Macdonald, a village of 400-odd that lives on welfare. Macdonald, on the east shore of Lake Nipigon, 300 highway miles northwest of the Lakehead, has no economic reason to exist. Half the 30 families are treaty Indians, the rest are Métis and a handful of whites. For most, there is no way to earn a steady income. A few raise fish Lake Nipigon, but in the name of conservation, commercial fisheries are limited.

Breadth hunting, trapping and picking—and poorly paid occupations—there are just a few seasonal jobs, and to Macdonald depends on welfare. Paul Desrosier, who runs the post office in the store where his parents carry 40 customers on credit, estimates that sometimes 100 wel-



Chief Mike Marley is working for industry in Macdonald. A just hope.

fare cheques a month come in—the average of five per family. One family, with several unemployed teenagers, gets five welfare cheques. The largest families receive about \$420 a month in welfare payments, with Baby Bousen heads. During one typical month last winter, general welfare assistance in Macdonald amounted to \$2,836 and involved 106 people (23 cheques, 82 dependents); in July, 138 people got assistance totaling about \$2,350.

To survive, living on welfare is pure handouts. "You don't feel angry," explains Louis Herby, 61, now the school porter but often unemployed and on welfare. "You just feel like good but not buying yourself anything." Many teenagers lack that pride, or have had it stolen from them. "They've

lost their jobs because they know they can get on welfare," says Mrs. Ray Herby. Few stay in school beyond grade eight. The boys are no jobs about, and the girls drop out, more often than not, pregnant.

Welfare engenders little gratitude, among young or old. The village buzzes cheerfully with stories of outrageously low payments, lost harvest (wild workers and unaffordable red tape)—stories that some newly sold exaggeration. Nobody volunteers food stores of food workers waiting sympathetically at major branches of restaurants or among volunteers for assistance, on-the-spot relief (in many do).

At the same time, there's a certain air of optimism around Macdonald.

The Lake Nipigon Métis Association and the Lakehead branch of the Company of Young Canadians talk of getting a government grant to start a plant to make per food and fertilizers out of the ocean fish that fishermen must now discard. But nobody knows what such a plant would cost, or one has assumed whether it could really compete for a share of the market.

Some older men say they've heard such talk before. They're all going to wait and see. Waiting is not what the people of Macdonald are well prepared to do. —ALAN BERNARD

Take a stand.

Don't boggle around when you're out to buy whisky. For the mellow taste you're after, there's one sure approach. Just ask for Seagram's B3. It's a decision you'll want to stand by for keeps.

Seagram's B3
CANADIAN WHISKY

TORONTO

'The Just Society' talks of smashing welfare charity

THE JUST SOCIETY is to be found in Toronto, living on welfare. Its home is the third floor of an old red-brick row house sweating dampness, where the furniture is cardboard boxes, two cheap kitchen chairs and a sofa slumped to a wall saying "Poverty Is No Disgrace, Just Ridiculously Inconvenient." Its members are 300 of Toronto's 300,000 poor. Its name is hidden in a folded

"Saboteur" is what we are talking about, to tear down the whole government and welfare system so people can control themselves," says John Mooney. He is an aloof spokesman for The Just Society, a stingy, penny-farthing, unsmiling young man whose voice and persona are grating and eerie. "I am personally not interested in compromise," he admonishes a group of earnest if slightly non-polished social workers, clergy and others who come to ask how they can help. Anything else is just sleeping the system.

Some tinkering with the system to improve it for poor people is more acceptable to Doris Power, an indefatigable girl who lives on welfare and has three children in Mooney's room. She sits on the floor, in a neighbor's dress, listening as he urged for sponsors to drive the 60-year-old Bolton Camp that gives poor Toronto-area families outdoor summer holidays. "I don't like doing this, or all the poor people's preferences are light, just pointing for left turn and right turn," she says. "But we have immediate needs — for housing allowances that come close to our rent, more money for food and education. So we work for what we can get now, while organizing and demanding the corner of our poverty."

Mrs. Power likes to walk 20 miles to help some Bolton Camp. She earns \$35 for the camp and \$60 for The Just Society. It is a compromise that Mooney gets up with reluctantly. But between these two styles — agitation for massive change, and attacking specifics — The Just Society is becoming a poor-people's force in Toronto, an effective irritant and goad. It is getting wide newspaper and television attention, being asked to state its gritty views to political parties and talk-shows of anecdotists. Welfare administrators and churchmen meet with it. More than 100 social workers, clergy and professional people support it as economic members.



Doris Power and Mabel Driver work at the HQ of their wryly named glazer group.

The Just Society was founded by Mrs. Power and Mrs. Suzanne Polgar after they met, with their six children, at a Frank Air Camp, run by a church, in 1968. "We saw again the usual attitude, that there's something wrong with these people who are poor," Mrs. Power says. "And there was something wrong — the pressures had really gotten to us. I was seriously falling into the trap of just accepting."

The beginning group of mothers talked "only of academic things, like no clothes for school and children dropping out because they knew they were different," Mrs. Power recalls. "Then we got onto why it's that way." Now the society includes men, women, old people, working poor and John Mooney, a mostly unpublished 32-year-old poet and writer, single-pooled carter, dishwasher and traveler.

The women often appeared on television this summer, demanding a real use

in the control of welfare, education, rents and developers who raise neighborhoods to put up high-rises. They state views that are gaining currency in the United States, about forcing governments and industry to share their powers with people right in their own communities and factories. Mrs. Polgar and Mooney told a Liberal Party meeting. "We don't want the patronized second wage. It will just harden the existing divisions in society and put the bureaucrats even more in control of people."

"The poor are this in people this year," Mrs. Power says with kind bitterness. "Suzanne and I and others have been elected to welfare boards, but it's all talk and television, you know. Take a poor person to dinner find of thing."

Mrs. Power and Mooney stamped to present a letter to Prime Minister Trudeau in Toronto in August — and learned it is ordinary middle-class people who dislike the poor, and could attitudes to them. "Sweet little ladies spit at us and called our kids bastards," Mrs. Power recalls. "They were the volunteer ones. It's pretty hard to see your children thrown on the ground by nice businessmen. They want us to maintain the invisible poor."

Mrs. Power told an interview of receiving \$230 a month in welfare for herself and children, aged three, five and seven, of getting \$35 a month for a four-room clean house and clothing her children in church-sown hand-me-downs. Neighbors immediately stopped their children playing with her and human encounter was just on her porch. But Michael, the eldest boy, was already aware of what poverty is. Five-year-old Cindy first heard the word when listening to her mother on radio and asked what it means. "Famidy beedle," replied her brother. □

The Welfare Budget of Mrs. X...

Mrs. X and her three children, aged 4, 9 and 11, live on welfare in Toronto in a house for which they pay \$160 a month. It is winter. The older children attend school. Their month's allowances are:

Rent	\$ 85
Food & clothing	\$113
Fuel (Sept-March)	\$ 28.50
Utilities—hydro, water	\$ 11
Household supplies, misc.	\$ 7
Total	\$244.50

They also receive \$22 in family allowances. Their medical plan, education, day-care, school books, are paid by Ontario government. They make up the rest money from the food and clothing allowances.

VICTORIA

"You have a nice body. Why not use it?"

SEVEN-TWO SIX SIX is reflected in a worn easy chair with wide, flat arms that hold her legs, a mass of skin and the can of tobacco from which she rolls her cigarettes. The chair is her office, in the storage room of her small home in Victoria. With one leg propped out before her on a stool, because it was weakened by arthritis, the sixty-olds from distressed people, argue with welfare workers. Mrs. Talbot is an advocate, so she sits it, unpaid, for poor people in Greater Victoria, she is kept busy, usually, salvaging them from cold and other cruel decisions made by their own social-welfare workers.

Even social workers in Victoria have begun a similar advocacy service — to cater to the fellow social workers. "We are having trouble getting referrals," says social worker Ray Farris, "because people don't trust an any more."

"Too many social workers try to degrade people on welfare and make them feel ashamed and miserable," says Mrs. Talbot, an ex-employee who has been through that. "That is how all our dignity, and stay as welfare much longer than would be necessary." She has just found lodging for a family of five, including a 10-month-old baby, who had been dumped out in a public park. The telephone rings. Mrs. Talbot tells her other social workers to call her.

"You are needed to see average (social money over the basic allowance), I'll go down to see them with you, if you like."

Mrs. Talbot runs welfare offices with desperate poor who neither her Community Action Group. She gets results, partly because of wide publicity given legislative misdeeds, protest marches and the plight of newly-minted poor in a city that is so rich, it has no shame.

Last winter, Victoria's oldest in many years, the 27 C.A.G. advocate wanted to address poor people that they were entitled to assistance. They fought so bravely in keeping a young family on welfare without aid.

The social worker who watched a family of seven huddled for warmth in one room, eating plain porridge, and said, "What are you complaining about?" And the one who told a desperate young man with wife and three-month baby she was sending him back to Quebec (they cannot do that).

social worker Reginald Charlton. He has led the public demonstrations.

Charlton wants bigger welfare cheques. Basic maximum of \$125 a month for a two-person family, or \$250 a month for three people, proposed without admission are low. But they point to the supplemental discretionary "overages" for rent, food, fuel. Charlton says to plead for extra is soul-destroying begging.

Alan Davidson, Victoria's deputy welfare administrator, says 1,923 people are on welfare in November. "We are dreadfully short-staffed, and can handle only emergencies," he says. "Advocates are adequate for smaller families but not for the biggest. Funding, always scarce by social workers' estimate even in isolated areas—it is true of the community at large—but most of the shortages are greatly exaggerated."

Mrs. Kathy Ware reports being told at the welfare office, "You have a nice body, why don't you make use of it?" Tina Sheehan says welfare authorities sent her to a church to buy food underwear, so she went without. Donna Langstaff was told that she would lose welfare assistance because the was "too demanding."

Mrs. Elisabeth Yreud had a nervous breakdown after five years of raising three children (now aged 11, 10 and 9) in a three-room of rat-infested horrors. A 68-year-old lady was threatened with being sent back to Saskatchewan. Charlton admits some of social workers' holding up assistance cheques, making families wait for the weekend for food. He says no one required daily cash from a lady, denying every nickel she spent, until she threatened to sue him for overuse of sleeping pills.

One welfare worker is known to complain in "the best," a man who, they say, got his pills from making women cry before handing over their welfare cheques. The cheques are now mailed. To Reginald Charlton, keeping such a man in power is "simply perpetuating violence through what is supposed to be a welfare organization." □



Susan Talbot, advocate in action, makes welfare more humane for the poor.

THEY WON'T EVEN LET A MOTHER EARN SOME MONEY GO-GO DANCING

MARIE — is 22, a very pretty blonde who looks 22 when she laughs, which is often. She has five children and has lived with them on welfare in Regina since her husband left four years ago. "Oh love, we have a soul, and I said," she says about welfare, "With Tim, I didn't even have that."

She, like a half of vets with the welfare department. Her monthly cheque is \$257.96. "They are deducting \$25 a month from my food money until I pay them back \$443 that I earned last winter," she explains. "I worked for four months and earned \$485, but they said I was only entitled to keep \$50."

For four previous months last winter, Marie made anywhere between \$10 and \$25 an hour as a popo dancer. "Where else could I get that money with my grade six? And no stopping, either. I made myself lose cash customer and I really felt good. That was the first time I had everything paid. Usually I have to keep juggling — you know, don't pay the power for three months and then just before they cut off the power, don't pay the rent and pay power."

Popo beat the hole that lifted her off the poverty line but now she's under it. But Marie says, "The more they do to me, the more I want to see off of them. I told my kids that now you get your own money."

Marie has little chance of going to school. She has no work experience to make her eligible for the Canada Mortgage Agency, which the welfare board would find it an expensive proposition to send a woman with five children back to school.

Marie's eldest boy is in trouble at school. "He isn't read and he's in grade four," she says. "I know he's gonna quit. He loves to draw. But that's all he does. He needs a man to take him to a ball game or a show."

The other children are "all right in the moment, but they never have anything the other kids have."

Marie has had no aspirations on a leg for a blood clot, and it has apparently finished her career as a popo dancer.

"I don't care what they say. When someone read comes, back to work I go. They don't care what happens to me and my kids that I do." □



This is an eight-carat diamond in the rough. It is uncut, un-faceted, unpolished. And to the untrained eye, it would be mistaken for a dull pebble.

The stone has been millions of years in the making. And it took digging and sorting through hundreds of tons of lava-like rock to find it. It's worth a great deal just the way it is.

Yet it will require a lifetime rock hunt, an expert cutter brings out the beauty nature hid there.

Planning a diamond is like planning a marriage

It takes a lot of time, patience and imagination. No two diamonds are exactly alike. And the shape of a diamond gives it a mind of its own.

It's up to the planning expert to decide whether the finished gem should be round, cut, oval, pear shape, emerald cut, or marquise.

The Mack laws on our rough diamond are the planner's guides that will direct the cutter.

Since nothing but a diamond can cut

a diamond, the cutter's saw must be constantly lubricated with diamond dust and oil. It can take 4 or 5 working days to saw through a 10-carat rough.

Taking off the rough edges

Each brilliant-cut diamond (the kind you find in most engagement rings) must then be rounded to its basic shape, which is like the shape of a child's top.

The rough diamond is revealed in a life and another diamond is pressed against it. The two diamonds actually grind each other into shape.

The beginning of the fire

Now comes the faceting. Facets are the planes or little windows through which we see a diamond's brilliance. Faceting is done as the rounded stone is pressed on a revolving lat wheel like a phonograph record.

Each of the 58 facets must be cut at precisely the right angle. As the faceting progresses you begin to see the fire and sparkle. Our rough stone turns into a gem.

A diamond is like a rainbow

A properly cut and faceted diamond has unique properties when it comes to light. Like a prism it will break white light into all the colors of the rainbow. (And you can't buy a rainbow.)

Many people think diamonds are pure white. This is not true. Most diamonds have what is called body color, a warm glow which adds depth to the various hues you see in the stone.

Cut, clarity, color, and extent weight (the jeweler's measure for the size of a stone) all determine the diamond's worth.

The prices listed below are based on quotations by jewellers all over the country in January, 1989. (Exact weights shown are seldom found. They are published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in selecting a diamond.)

35 points (35 mm) \$125 to \$135

38 points (38 mm) \$151 to \$160

1 carat (100 pts) \$650 to \$1,000

2 carats (200 points) \$2,100 to \$2,400

Do you remember Perry Anderson? You should

It is not a novel experience for the rights of a man to be crushed in the passion of struggle for the Rights of Man, as Perry Anderson's rights were crushed. Perry Anderson—do you even recognize the name?—is the assistant professor at St. George's University in Montreal who was accused of racism by black students, as newscasters that led eventually to the burning last February of the university's two-million-dollar computer centre, to 100 arrests, to a political uproar that resounded from Parliament Hill to the Caribbean seas. The voice of Perry Anderson was drowned in all the noise. He became a forgotten man. In July, miscellaneous news stories disclosed that a Hearing Committee of the university had issued a 128-page report on the Anderson affair and had found no scrap of evidence to support the charge of racism.

Perry Anderson is 29, as young as some of his militant students. For half a year he lived with the degrading strain of racism. During that period, his wife had a child, his young sister, a student at St. George's, had to leave college. During the months of his ordeal, he told Dorothy Eche, author of *The Computer Centre Party*, he had to suffer to stay sane and come close to a nervous breakdown. What it was over, he was married to very nothing later about the incident. But when he denounced the university administration, he said—and Mrs. Eche reports he said with an edge in his voice: "They did not give me due process."

The dualism of due process—that is the central lesson of the tragedy at St. George's, an institution with a liberal and humane tradition. The inquiry procedures that gave Anderson his only chance to answer the smear were contaminated by negligence between militant students and the university. They were held in an atmosphere of threat.

He was asked by the administration to suspend himself and encouraged to stay silent. When students urged him to return to teaching, a letter from the administration confirmed the suspension for "conducting an action not in the interests of the university."

Who was most to blame for Perry Anderson's agony? Anderson himself? He seems to a poor victim, to something too helplessly mislaid. The West Indian students who led the attack upon him? They acted in passion, and perhaps by the unconscious of racism in Montreal, a racism that had come to do with boarding-house landlords than with Anderson. The liberal-minded administration? Unpersonhood, in its impulse to conciliate, it let Perry Anderson down, substituting liberal optics for the liberal conscience. The white liberal students who collected with the militant blacks? They, too, consented to a McCarthyism of the Left.

Student revolt is not, as fashionable voices have recently urged, a medieval hazard of the Left; its causes are too real and too human, its impulses too generous for that charge to stick. It is sometimes retroactively barbarian: the students who occupied the University of New Brunswick last year to protest the suspension of Professor Norman Brax, a young nuclear physicist who objected to the compulsory use of identity cards in the theory, were fighting the battle of academic freedom. For established liberals to brand the radical impulse "fascist" at this stage of the game is dangerous rhetoric. They would do better to communicate to the student generation a concern for the individual and an understanding of the symbolic and social value of law. If their liberal society is to be preserved, it must desperately be worth preserving. It must have no forgotten men. □

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"I carry what I love"

AN EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION to the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB will demonstrate how membership insures you against missing books you promise yourself to read and own.

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY THREE FOR ONLY \$1

SUGGESTED TRIAL: You agree to buy three Club choices within a year at special member prices.

TALKBACK

YOUR ARTICLE "TAKING THE AVOIDS" WAS A JOB well done. I, who almost hate you, expressed our strong feelings about too much spending at all levels of government. I am prepared to pay for performance, but not when \$25 out of every \$100 salary increase I receive is going to Ottawa.

ARE NEARLYW WASHINGTON, ONT

academic and scientific sophistication, as well as our sheer numbers, won't allow it. You must find a middle ground, but we must recognize that if we want a truly neighborly food chain it is unrealistic that it must be somewhat polluted. Senator Denny's proposal flies in the face of Canadian history and modern worldwide experience. We should debate cannabis even further at our peril.

BRIAN J. WALLACE, MICHIGAN/ONT.

[illegible]

Re Robert Thomas Allan's article, *O We Keep On Doing Our Thing And Showing Our Mind We'll—Oh—Forget How To Talk*. As long as new words are being loaned it proves that we are not losing our language because unassuming and archaic. MISS E. BLAND, GALLATY.

Your survey of the school system (*Our Schools, Canada Report*) did not underestimate the attitudes of the students. Century to your statement, there is a teacher shortage in numbers and especially in competence. Among students the teacher-known-best attitude is dead. They have neither respect nor money for ineptitude teachers or for the present irrelevant courses. Students would be far preferable to the present apathy, disillusionment, cynicism and general attitude. — WANDA BARKER, BOWEN, CAN.

continued on page 42

tion to reduce their burden, states that the introduction of penalties in the form of social rates that do not cover the service cost is not a solution.

E. SOCIAL RATES

• A realistic picture of what we have to happen before the people who spend our money on health care can be seen in the fact of paying exorbitant taxes especially when we know that salaries are going down the drain at all levels of government. The fact that the government has no income tax in some departments in the year's last days is an overstatement and these are most of the reasons.

Phil Sykes wrote *The Child of the Phoenix*, was expert. Help is available for the sponsor of alcoholics at Al-Anon. For the child there is Al-Anon. Al-Anon does not charge fees. The only way we can help is that other children live with the problem and they learn to detach their selves emotionally from their parents. Al-Anon, while continuing to live here. There are many people who are not in the same circumstances in Canada and the U.S. For further information, contact our headquarter P.O. Box 111, Madison Square, New York, N.Y. 10017, U.S.A. or (212) 691-1111, Madison Square.

Alan Edwards wrote *Power* because he believes of the attitudes expressed by the men who are going north. Many ideas of "turning the wilderness and horsemen into a wasteland" simply because they are there reflect his misanthropic intensity complex. We can't stand the idea that we might not be the superior being we think we are, so we try to prove otherwise by conquering nature. In 15 or 20 years "you won't recognize the north country — not after what we've done to it." A frighteningly prophetic statement. — RAYMOND STEWARD, HUNTINGTON

One of the publicity releases sent out by your promotion department relative to my article *Let's Face Toronto's And Montreal's Anti-Protestors* (Platform August), describes me as a Progressive Conservative member. I thought you should know that this is the worst thing that has ever been said about me. Some of my best friends are Conservatives, but I certainly wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.
SANDRA ELLEN BARN, TORONTO

• Senator Dwyer's proposal that city provinces be created when a population of two million is reached fails to take into account the ever-increasing pressure to organize human society on a functional basis rather than within geographical or political divisions. The technological explosion demands that functions will continue to transcend geography and communities at the future. To be more specific, how does Senator Dwyer propose the City Province of Toronto deal with air pollution originating in Hamilton? Eventually, we want the freedom to roam eastward of our own, but not

Gestetner

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GOM Brionvega
201 robot.

The Suspension System Makes Her A Winner.

The Canadian National Championship, The World Championship Snowmobile Derby at Eagle River, The Winnipeg to St. Paul International 500. These are races that put snowmobiles to the test. Arctic Cat's advanced torsion spring suspension and slide rail design meets the challenge time after time outperforming them all in durability and riding comfort.

A race-proven suspension, an efficient new clutch and braking system and a forward mounted engine for a lower, more stable profile. On the track or on the hillside.

Arctic Cat 70 is the choice for the sportsman who demands a fast, tough and all-day comfortable machine.



Shouldn't it be the other way around?

Some people buy color TV's because they look nice. In the store. And when they get the sets home, they own a beautiful piece of furniture. And a nice color TV. We think it should be the other way around.

At Panasonic, we make the color part of the color TV like it was the only part you were buying. That's why we design and make every vital component ourselves. That way, we don't put together color TV's. We make them.

And we put a lot of special things inside our color TV's. Like Panablock. Which makes the tuning so automatic as pressing a button. And which adjusts itself everywhere you switch channels.

And we put in Speed-4-View to give you pictures and sound. Quickly. That

way, you don't need an appointment with your television.

And a color indicator light that automatically tells you when color is being broadcast.

And we put in a few other devices like something to keep your picture from getting messed up everytime your neighbor runs his power tools. And something to keep color from creeping into your black and white picture. And to give you absolute color purity all the time. On every channel. And even a special device that gives you strong color in weak reception areas.

No stop in at any Panasonic dealer. Our colorsets are in-house. And our color is worth watching.



PANASONIC
just slightly ahead of our time.

*Teleview • Radios • Tape Recorders • Appliances • Radios



They're all gamblers: the half-frozen oil riggers in the numbing Arctic, the edgy stock-market plunger, the troubled corporation probing the innards of the Canadian Shield. They're gambling for big stakes. The gamble may enrich or corrupt or break them. In this issue *Maclean's* presents three documents that show what can happen to men who dream of BIG MONEY

THE 'BLACK GOLD' RUSH OF '69



TEXT BY
PAT CARNEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM CARNEY

At the McCormick (left) staging point (right), the workers bunkhouses (inset) are put on a tractor train and hauled north across the tundra, back landscape of Melville Island to a new drill site at Sandy Pt. At far right, geologists set off a seismic blast in a continuing search for oil.

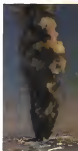
It's 5:30 in the morning at Melville Island's Res Point, where the day always begins with the weather. The radio equipment band against one wall of the big plywood room jangles with rattling voices from the Arctic outpost camps. "ResPoint(ResPoint)ResPoint, this is Sheriff Ray. Can you give us your weather?" Pause. Trump of feet hitting the cold floor. "Uh — temperature minus 15, ceiling 500 feet, visibility one-quarter mile, wind north-west 15, sky — what the hell would you call that? Obscured."

Res Point is a collection of red shacks shimmering like a mirage on Melville's frozen sand. The north coast of the Canadian mainland is 400 miles to the south, the North Pole only 800 miles away. In summer the island is a brown desert of waddies and crusting ridges and the polar sunbath shivers on the offshore pack-ice. In winter the ice flaps across the snow crust and the cold seeps through your clothes like a blue dye. They shot a wolf near Res Point not long ago. Its fur, rigid with the snow, will be on its face.

Question: Since this placid wilderness is clearly unfit for man or beast, why bother with it?

Answer: Oil. This is the major supply centre for the greatest oil search Canada has ever known.

Panoramic Oil Limited is gambling between \$35- and \$45 million that the western hemisphere's largest un-tapped oil basin lies beneath these islands. If the gamble pays off, it will change the balance of oil power in the world. In terms of Arctic exploration, no other country — not even Russia — has attempted anything so bold. There has been





A helicopter is hoisted at Res Point in fog, airlifted by crane as being blown over waters to help ease the loss in 37 below weather



At left, wayman at Drake Pt progress, hats for most by helicopter and tractor train to the Sandy Pt. drill site. Auts are pointed brilliant red for easier spotting from the air. Above: coffee in the snow—made with snow when supplies at the water needs of the far north camps

nothing like it on the Canadian coast since the railway opened the west. This is Canada's richest spot.

Now it's 5:45 A.M. Outside, you can begin to make out the setting that oil driller Leo Vandenberg scratched out of the western sand two years ago after "winning" his big D-8 tractor 90 miles across the desert. The line is capped by ships and barges along through the northwest passage from Montreal, 3,500 miles away, and by aircraft making the 3,500-mile haul from Edmonton or the 925-mile trip from Yellowknife.

The flight from Edmonton takes six to 12 hours, depending on the weather. The aircraft is usually a Pacific Western Airline DC-6 or DC-6, crowded with passengers, diesel mechanics, pilots, construction workers, truck drivers, oil-drillers, seismic crews, geologists, a Stinson, armed helicopter pilots, a repaired tractor track. A relief pilot sits out on an iron roof. Inside him is an emergency kit, containing a rifle, fishing gear, wine and food. The island's history serves as a poetry. This is an absolute world.

The route north is past the first line, over the horizon and across the Arctic coast. Once past the coast points must fly true bearings based on visual contact with the sun, stars or ground. No radio beacons, guide lines and a compass is useless this close to the magnetic pole. The chances of reaching Res Point without being grounded by weather events are in doubt.

Question: So what's in this for me?
Answer: Plenty, if you're a Canadian investor. Panarctic is a unique corporation, one of which the federal government, the largest asset shareholder, owns 41 percent. The remaining shares are held by Canada's leading producers and mining companies. Comco Limited and its associated companies, Canadian Pacific Oil and Gas Limited, jointly hold 18 percent, and CP&G president Julia Taylor is also president of Panarctic. Other participants include Crown Investments, Noranda Mines, Dome Petroleum Limited and Inco. At present 70 percent of the Canadian petroleum industry is 65-percent Panarctic could change that. Only one of the 30 companies involved is American.

It's 6 A.M. The Midville world is unbelievably white when the crystals give a curiously luminous quality to the air. Helicopter pilot Ed Price, 40, is about 115 miles into the earth's blue-white. Mud, gas and sand thunders to the top of the derrick



Vast riches at the top of the world—and every Canadian is a shareholder

Point, the support camp for Panarctic's first wildcat well.

The choppers are the uniform equivalent of the driller used by 19th-century British explorers. They fit down the Arctic channels, past low white capes throwing shadows on the sea ice, hauling fuel, transporting men, shifting entire camps to new locations. Ed Price was forced back by weather on a fast haul yesterday. Today he is severely sore when he reaches a mechanical malfunction. Drake Point will be without chopper fuel for the second day.

"Drake Point weather," squawks the radio. "Temperature minus 23, ceiling 3,000 feet and overcast, visibility five miles max. heavy wind two miles at 40." At Drake Point, the world's most northerly wildcat well is drilling. The 135-foot rig goes over the flat landscape like some big Agri-trail.

The million-dollar rig is built to withstand 60-mile-per-hour winds and temperatures down to 30 degrees below zero for a chill factor of minus-140 degrees. A man's skin freezes at night degrees above zero in a 40-mile wind. The rig is maintained in sections so that it could be hauled north in a Hercules air freighter and landed on a 3,000-foot strip carved out of sea ice. Price then choppers swing the sections seven miles to the site and the rig was assembled in sub-zero weather.

Last April 19, Drake Point L-67 was spudded (broke ground) in a well designed to reach more than two miles into the frozen sediments of Melville. At 2,600 feet it locked road and got out of the hole. On July 1, about 115 miles into the earth it blew white. Mud, gas and sand thunders to the top of the derrick

in a mixture so abrasive it cut through the metal substructure. Panarctic dispatched a jet to bring in Dome's veteran drilling superintendent Ed Toveit and famed Texas wild well expert Red Adair. It took them two weeks to control L-67. (By this time, the well's sea ice may have become unstable, so all equipment had to be airlifted to a lead strip and chopped to the site.) A fire at the well-head was snuffed out with steam and dynamite. The crews then slung the hole and shodded the derrick off. They sealed off the gas zone and shodded the derrick back on. But before they could resume drilling the well blew again.

Question: What's all this cost?
Answer: It costs about two million dollars to drill a well in the Arctic. Nobody knows what it will cost to complete L-67. By the end of the year Panarctic will have drilled four wells in its 17-well program and the overall program, for the past two years will have cost \$17 million. Only unaccounted low-cost offshore look-type reserves will partly the expense, but the odds are with Panarctic. The volume of potential oil-rich industries in the Arctic, slung into the polar zone by the northern rivers, exceeds those of the Prudhoe and DC combined.

At 5 A.M. Res Point calls Stuart Bay, 30 miles away, for an estimated time of arrival on F&W's Melville. Stuart weather is temperature minus-22, ceiling 500 feet and broken, visibility one mile and blowing snow, wind 23.

Outside the radio room the sun low on the horizon, brown, brown, yellow through the inevitable fog. The Canadian lounge beneath the unbelievable horizon at a Melville (lookout) for four days they have been trying to get to the snow camp at the Bay on Longfellow Island, 150 miles south in about 1,200,000 worth of equipment. But on sea ice fuel-spill breakers and groceries have had priority on all available aircraft.

The bathhouse beyond is a fauna of brown, white, red, green, sloping ledge, frozen pipes, magazines, bare light bulbs and walls laced with sheets and underwear. A sign on the wall says with simple directions, "No sex." In the small cubicles of space men dress and wash, wash, dressed in whatever is worn. A helicopter pilot has sleep in his bunk, fully dressed.

Clattered round the rim of the prize mounted stove are a group of "raggies" their faces blackly white the look has frozen. They are about 115 miles into the earth from the snow and sand and mud lying outside for the science crew.

THE '29 CRASH: COULD IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

Exactly 40 years ago the world, gone mad with wild speculation, suddenly learned the party was over. Now it had to pay the bill.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

Even for September, 1923, it was a wild party. The girls were wearing skirts so short you could see the tops of their rolled stockings, and because this was Montreal, not the Volstead-dry U.S.A., there was plenty to drink. Around midnight the girls decided to use how high they could kick in those racy-breezy hoop-skirted skirts, and that's when the trouble started.

Charlie was there with his wife. Charlie was a customer's man in Montreal, which meant he bought and sold stocks for the clients of the St. James Street brokerage house where he worked. All Charlie's clients were native rich, and so

was Charles. On paper, it was said, he was worth a good million.

Well, the girls were kicking higher and higher, the party was getting louder and louder, and old Charlie was laughing as hard as anybody. Until — whoops! — one of the girls accidentally kicked Charlie nearly in the back of the neck and knocked him on his side.

Ordinarily, this would have been something you laughed about the next day and for years afterward. But this was September 1929, remember, and the unfortunate thing was that this flipper's accidental kick hit a nerve or something, and Charlie wasn't just knocked out, he was in a coma, and he stayed in a coma for more than a year.

When Charlie woke up it was early in 1933, and the party was very definitely over. His million dollars was long gone — vanished in a swirl of better tape that wiped out billions of dollars in paper profits and also wiped out a lot of other people like Charlie.

Floyd Chalmers, who at the time was editor of *The Financial Post*, likes to tell that story to illustrate how it was just before the Great Crash and the long, sad Depression that followed.

FOR THE UNITED STATES, the Great Crash, which happened exactly 40 years ago, and the Depression that came on its heels were the most traumatic events since the Civil War. For Canadians, and for people throughout the Western world, it was a nightmare, a betrayal, a disaster that left irreparable scars that still persist.

The Depression created at least two generations of Canadians who feared it hard to trust anything. If times were good, they knew they were bound to turn bad — because they'd lived through the days when men would come home to

Sun 10: Breakfast
 Sun 11: Eggs to 1200
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 Sun 13: Eggs to 1200
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 Sun 100: Eggs to 1200

tell their wives they'd worried another man in pay, and be grateful they hadn't been laid off entirely. A man with a wife and five kids ought be making \$30 a week if they felt like taking a holiday; they could think of dozens of reasons not to do it, because they'd heard through the grape vine that companies like the one of

Abbas Fulp and Paper couldn't meet their payroll, when hungry men in cloth caps roamed the streets because they had no place else to go.

Those were the pointers that told their children, as an article of faith: "There are a lot of things you're going to have to do in this world that you don't want to do." If you were born any time between 1905 and 1940, that phrase rentable and echoes inside your head.

The Great Crash came Tuesday, December 28, 1929—the day that more people who were then seldom remembered as the single point in time when the world suddenly went sour. Forty years ago it happened. But if you went down to the customers' rooms as my big brokerage house in the country had dinner and worked the numbers over across the stock-exchange board at the front of the room, you would have met people, some of whom even lived in 1929 who would focus at the time on the crash downward and shake their heads. "Could it have been any other day?" the stockbrokers would tell you that the market is better regulated now, that the regulatory system is in place.

The place is going crazy. Men are running in and out, the trading floor is pandemonium. The mining camps of northern Ontario are as wild as Dawson City — Timmins, Kirkland Lake, Cobalt. There are fortunes to be made up there, and bigger fortunes to be made down here if you just play those numbers marked up on the board. They've been moving upward for years now, and why should they ever stop?

Look at the east! Durango, Mexico



July 12: Spread that Casualty about 5000 to get 2000 in summer months. We have 41 000 from April to June (March 2nd to June 1st).

Belts, France-Arrows, de Essex Super Six! Some 5,358,000 cars were built in the U.S. in 1929, which is almost as many as were sold in the boom year of 1953. Consumers bought 3.61 of the luxurious Graham-Paige in the first half of 1929; a new Superbaker DeSoto, made in Walkerville, Ontario, cost \$1,185; and the new 1930 McLaughlin-Buick was two-thirds as big as the Ford Model A.

Nearly everyone walking along Bay Street this afternoon can remember the days when people who were poor looked poor. But today, on this glorious autumn afternoon in 1929, everyone looks rich. Estor's is selling business walking-stocks for \$36, and off-the-rack suits for \$35. The New Method Laundry, as a special service to its Bay Street customers who are summer bushveldts, packs up their shirts at the office and returns them clean and starched. (From *Days Gone*)

Across the country, the strains are moving into the sixth or seventh year of the chronic, recurrent economic boom in the history of the world. The signs of gloom and progress are all around you, and everything that happens across the country and the world is reflected in the endlessly changing numbers that are posted on the boards in the brokerage houses. Ray Stachurski, president of the National Automobile Dealers' Association, is planning a three-million-dollar skyscraper at the corner of Portage and Main in Montreal. Bell Telephone of Canada has just built a 20-story skyscraper on Beaver Hall Hill, at the former site of St. Andrew's Church. There is a movie theatre in the assembly hall and the directors' boxroom is situated in mahogany-paneled wood and



a small marine bracer set into a circle above the fireplace. B. & B. likely had recently making arrangements for a new \$1.5-million paper mill in Mill, across the river from pulpstream Canadian Pulp & Paper, the nation's second-largest company, is paying out \$615 in taxes every single hour. The Bank of Toronto has just opened a new branch in Cold Lake, Alberta. Ontario has so far produced \$300-million worth of gold. The Chateau Laurier has just been completed in Ottawa, after the removal of 37,000 tonnes of solid rock. Forestry Limited of Kitchener, Ontario, has just introduced a double-axle double-roller.

Canada's economic strategy beginning in 1969, after half a century of being a first-worlder agrarian economy, has demonstrated the means to grow rich. The big money of this decade is in power, pulp and paper — a half century after developed countries were a pulp mill and ponds lots of water and lots of electricity, and Canadian rivers can supply both, along with the trees. In Montreal, Black Widow Kollins, who bought Royal Securities Corporation Ltd. from Lord Beaverbrook, and used it as his own personal financing vehicle, has become one of the country's richest men by putting together power companies to serve places

— Inco Dore, Hollinger, Lake Shore and all the rest: there are hundreds upon hundreds of promotions, all aimed at getting you to buy more. Usually aimed at luring another Dore or Hollinger, nearly all of them, in fact, aimed only at *expanding their* promotion.

The daily business is spectacularly fraudulent in the absence of any effective regulation by the stock exchanges or by the securities commission (which doesn't exist yet), may they Street brokers are becoming ruffiansmen by using methods that are not only licentious, but blatantly so. As a matter of fact, the stock market has more money than the public there are interested in the country's treasury, direct debt of the government, student loans, then dirty down the street, forcing their customers to pay for the stock they never owned. A year from now, a Financial Post exposé of these methods will send 27 brokers, some of them, off to jail.

The brokers, all from major stock exchanges, say you will find it mostly on the money side you need to buy stock as long as the stock keeps going up. It is heavily money. You put down \$1000, say, borrow \$900 from your broker, let it go up, to buy \$1,000 worth of stock. If the price of that stock goes to \$1,500, your profit isn't the 50 percent you would have made if you'd put up all the money yourself! No, on a 10-percent margin (which is common in 1929, but will be outlawed later) you have made 400 percent on your money! So you borrow more to buy more and soon you are a millionaire.

By 1928 the speculative demand had driven the rate for "real money" — business loans that could instantly be recalled — to unmanageable levels; and then, seven, then eight, and finally to more than 20 percent. Manufacturers feared they could employ their cash more profitably by lending it to speculators than they could by producing goods. By October 1929, U. S. corporations had loaned some \$6.6 billion in call money, along with another two billion dollars from the banks.

Not only individual investors were playing the margin game. Many of the big investment trusts — an early version of the mutual fund — also borrowed money to buy stocks, and their shares were sold on margin, too, which meant you had double leverage going for you as long as the market kept rising. An investment trust — some 265 of them were formed in 1929 alone — was actually a company that bought shares of other companies, its mutual funds do today. But in 1929, many trusts were selling for more than the total market value of the securities they owned — the difference being regarded as a premium paid



Scotch for people who know the difference.



BLACK
& WHITE



Now more Canadians enjoy BLACK & WHITE than any other Scotch Whisky

THE CRASH continued

for the skill of the trust's managers. Most ominously, these trusts routinely issued bonds and preferred shares as well as common stock — which meant they borrowed heavily to finance their purchases, thus bringing in more money so even more profit for the common shares — so long as the market kept rising.

Many trusts pushed the pylons still higher by forming and buying into other trusts, which in turn formed and bought into still other trusts. As long as the market continued to rise, everyone got rich.

In these circumstances, the market was fantastically volatile. In November 1928, for instance, Canadian Mining shares had risen from \$24 to \$28, at a time when the company was earning only a penny a share. When Marcom's chairman, Sir Joseph Flavelle, told *The Montreal Post* he thought the shares were priced too high, Marcom's plunged within two days to seven dollars in New York and touched off a brief panic that wiped out an estimated five billion dollars in share values.

But the market swiftly recovered. By the end of August 1929, stock prices reached fantastic levels. Consolidated Mining and Smelting, for instance, which sold for a high of \$39 in 1924, hit a 1929 high of \$375.

It had to stop some time, and on September 3 it did. On that day, the Dow Jones average hit an unprecedented \$381.17 (in 1924 it had hit a high of \$120.51). Then the slide began. General Electric dropped 50 points in a month. Consolidated Mines fell from \$475 to \$180. There were rallies, sorts of jumps lasting only an hour or so, but the trend continued downward until October 23, when the New York Stock Exchange, in an orgy of panic selling, traded more than six million shares, more than three times the volume of average busy day. Toronto traded 135,000 shares the next day, in normal times, a good day's volume would have been 20,000.

The next day, a Thursday, started out even worse. On that memorable day, New York share prices, triggered only by a group of New York bankers who offered to support the market. They sent Richard Whitney, the Exchange's vice-president, on to the trading floor to make a dramatic bid of \$205 for U.S. Steel, slightly above the current price. Whitney's protest stemmed that day's panic, and the market closed with a 12-point loss, less than a third the drop of the previous day. The volume in New York was nearly 13 million shares.

Prices held fairly firm on Friday and for the half-day trading on Saturday. But frightened investors allowed their panic to overpower all day Sunday and when the market opened on Monday

Black Tuesday... what dreams were left collapsed. But a new Black Tuesday is impossible... isn't it?

October 28, the losses were astounding. Inco dropped \$7.75, Canadian Trucon dropped \$11.25. Was there no end to it? Apparently not, for Tuesday — "Black Tuesday," as it's known ever since — was the worst of all. By this time, the small, heavily margined investors had been drained out. Now it was the Big Men who were selling, and because they needed cash to cover their margin calls, they were selling to sell at any price.

At the opening of trading in Montreal, one trader almost had his clothes torn all in the wild scramble on the floor. Passively half a block away could hear the traders shouting like wind-blown trees. In the brokers' rooms, trust investors gathered in silent groups to watch their dreams collapse. In Toronto, one man floated. He was gently laid out at the back of the room while his fellow-traders returned to watching the board.

And still the numbers plunged downward. Inco dropped \$13.87. Goodyear dropped \$30, National Steel Car from \$60 to \$38. Comstock, which had reached \$325 earlier in the year, closed at \$120. There were rallies, sorts of jumps lasting only an hour or so, but the trend continued downward until October 23, when the New York Stock Exchange, in an orgy of panic selling, traded more than six million shares, more than three times the volume of average busy day. Toronto traded 135,000 shares the next day, in normal times, a good day's volume would have been 20,000.

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was understandable. It was unimaginable that an economy as palpably vigorous could be affected by the paper losses of a bunch of speculators.

And yet it happened. Economists agree that the market crash didn't cause the Depression all by itself, already in 1929 there was intensive government intervention, car-loadings and so on — that the economy was slowing down. But the crash unquestionably contributed to the psychology of doubt and fear, if the stock of mighty corporations was almost worthless, what could you believe in?

The market cooled down after Black Tuesday, but prices continued to slide. By 1932 they had sunk to levels that were almost comical. Alhambra, which dropped to 335 in 1928, traded for 73 cents in 1932. It took six years to get back to 1932. People who bought stocks then and held on are rich even today. Broadwater Gordon Smith, one of the few Canadians who had money in the 1930s, bought some stocks then that he still holds today, the value of some of them has appreciated several hundred times.

So maybe there's a happy ending after all. At this writing, the bear market that began last April has shown no signs of extricating itself from the mire of shared panic that characterized 1929. It has been an orderly retreat, not a rout, and by the time you read this, the market may be diving again. The stocks that have been hit hardest are those that deserved to be hit — glamorous electronics, aerospace and other stocks that traded at inflated multiples because everybody, including the big mutual funds, believed they would go up because everybody believed they would go up.

As any broker will tell you, 1969 isn't 1929. Markets are better managed and regulated, national economies and the world monetary system are more wisely controlled, productivity is real and growing. The recent slump, they'll tell you, is a healthy sign, it's the governments are capable of acting effectively to cool off an overheated economy and the market that reflects it.

Still, you have to wonder. One afternoon late last summer I was in a broker's office after a day when New York dropped 13 points. It was worse, the phones weren't ringing, the customers' men were peering around on the broad-street, humming to themselves. Chrysler quietly dropped five points because they weren't selling as many cars as last year, and nobody had any way across when I asked what, exactly, was supposed to be happening to the market. It's not people in the money business are optimists. They have to be. "Look at it this way," one customer's man told me. "The market may be slipping, but the economy's got to be fundamentally sound. Am I right?" □

Is Tilden suffering from xenophobia*?

**[distort of foreigners]*



Not at all. The competition from across the border is good for our health.

We have to work pretty hard to offer you a better deal than our competitors. But that doesn't mean we don't appreciate them for what they are. A threat? No. More like a good healthy challenge. They keep us looking for new ways to stay on top. Which is good for you, because it means our service gets better all the time. Which is good for them because they have something to look up to. Like Tilden's more than 250 locations across Canada. And hard-to-beat rates. And a wider choice of cars, like new Chevrolts and Pontacs. Plus our tie-in with National Car Rentals in the U.S.A. Suffer? We never felt better.

TILDEN

System Rent Car Co. 1134 Gault Street Montreal 113

THE CRASH continued

Can it happen again? The spectre of another Great Crash and another Depression still haunts the money markets of the world — and the answering fact is that the experts can't agree on an answer. The majority of economic opinion is optimistic, but there is a vocal minority that believes another Crash could be just around the corner.

Here are two views: an optimistic one by Norman Short, investment analyst and president of Guardian Growth mutual fund, and a pessimistic prediction by Eliot Janeway, a New York economic consultant and author of The Economics of Crass.

NO it could not happen again

By NORMAN SHORT

CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN? The stock-market Crash, or the Depression? Today, they don't need to be synonymous. There could conceivably be a market slump — though it is almost an impossibility — but it wouldn't necessarily produce a depression.

That's because people no longer buy on the market at 10 percent down and the rest on margin, as they did in 1929, so that neither individuals nor companies holding the shares could be entirely wiped out if stocks declined severely. Business and industry are both healthier and more soberly run today. Besides, which, the government now accepts responsibility for manipulating and influencing the economy, which it didn't in 1929.

What we have been experiencing is a dampening down induced by the governments and central banks in Washington and Ottawa. In the post-decade, they have presided expensively by providing a remarkable growth in the supply of money and by deficit budgeting. They should have slowed down the supply a couple of years ago, but they didn't and so expansion went too far too fast and threatened to become full-scale inflation.

When President Nixon was elected, the Federal Reserve banks in the U.S. slowed down the growth rate of the money supply. The Bank of Canada followed suit. Both were almost certainly acting on the theory that if you can slow down the market and investors begin to lose money, it produces a climate in which it is easier to get through to business and unions and rein in inflation. They're never alone. It isn't both governments are probably hoping for a very slight recession next year, which would marginally increase unemployment and induce those who remain employed to be less aggressive in wage demands, so that in the next economic year forward the cost of production will be lower. This would increase the profit margin, make it possible to lower prices, or at least hold them steady, and reverse the inflationary trend.

There are very few signs that it's working yet. All the signs are that the inflationary trend continues. Unemployment hasn't increased, production is up, as are personal incomes, savings and, as most were spending.

Perhaps the best reason why the market won't crash and we won't have a depression is that depression mentality is conspicuously absent. Despite the slump in stock prices, there has been a significant drop in trading volume — so panic selling of any kind.

No, I don't think we are heading for either a market crash or a depression. But I do think we will have a mild recession next year — brought on by government interest.

YES another crash is on the way

By ELIOT JANEWAY

CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN? It can only ever happen. It's going to happen unless the President of the United States takes the necessary action to avert it.

The stock market goes up when there's a lot of "loose" money around — and that's what people have saved from their incomes and that's available for investment. But right now there's a paradox: there's more money in the hands of people than ever before, but this money is being spent — not used for investing or speculating. At the same time, there's less money available for business to borrow than there ever has been.

We're now looking at credit conditions that, in the past, would have been serious enough to have brought on a panic. It's a tribute to the strength of the economy, and a reflection of the enormous amount of cash in circulation, that the panic hasn't happened already.

It's as simple as this: financiers aren't investing; they're spending instead. The available credit is going for automobiles and Florida vacations, instead of being loaned to businesses that need to expand.

What I predicted last fall has already happened. During the bull market that ended last year, billions of big blocks of stock were being distributed to the public, so that large blocks in the hands of a few people became small lots in the hands of many. The big money stayed moving. When that happens, the market always suffers.

When will the crash come? I don't know — probably not before the end of the year. The question is, will it be localized or general?

You see, the administration doesn't regard the stock market as an important economic indicator. They think of it mainly as a barometer of inflationary sentiment. But it's a lot more important than that. What the market has been doing now is that the banks are reluctant, they can pay their depositors but they can't grant loans to business that need them. You can't run an economy at this velocity without an availability of funds. It's like trying to run a jet engine without fuel.

The government could head this crisis off, but I don't think they will. They could pump money back into the banking system, but regulate that this money can be used only for business loans, not for consumer credit.

But I'm afraid they won't save the situation and themselves because they're afraid they'll be thought of as soft on inflation.

And a market crash or a recession? Sure I can. Not many people agree with me. But you've got to be a maverick to have a good track record. □

A HOLE IN THE MUSKEG WITH TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN IT

THE PRESENCE of Texas Gulf Sulphur Company in the northern Ontario town of Timmins during the second week of November 1965 took the form of one 29-year-old geologist who was supposed to be on vacation and six French Canadians hired, without the authority of the company's senior management, to run a drill rig 14 miles northeast of town.

Timmins is a gold town, the temperature lingers below zero in the winter, and the road winds across the surrounding flat, treeless terrain. It would be hard to believe that gold had been discovered there in 1909. In 56 years, gold worth more than a billion and a half dollars has been extracted from the rock fault that crisscrosses Timmins.

The residents of Timmins have a lot of old-fashioned pride in the gold that has been taken from the staked mines of Hollinger, McIntyre and Dome. It was gold that attracted French Canadians and Italians and other first and second-generation Europeans to the area. But what promised wealth for others yielded only a lifetime of working underground for these people. Timmins has more than its share of beer parlors and discotheques.

Kenneth Darko, an intense young geologist, first came to Timmins in 1958, less than three years after graduating from the University of British Columbia. Darko had joined Texas Gulf for two years' research. He was given the chance to travel extensively and also the opportunity to examine and work on projects of diversified geology and geophysics. It was a promise that Texas Gulf kept from the time he first visited Timmins and he returned almost a year later. Darko wanted in a distant, widely separated part of the North American continent, never spending more than four months in one place. The two separate occasions he contracted in detail one of the rock outcrops in the Kidd Township area where he had found talus (smaller pieces of volcanic dust and ash) and what appeared to be the presence of mineralization. It might have been pyrite (a brass-yellow mineral com-

posed of iron sulphide, popularly called fool's gold). It was unmineralized, it was copper mineralization. By itself, the evidence he gathered from the rock outcrop meant very little. But directly to the north and east, Texas Gulf aerial surveys had indicated that the ground contained conductive material, the first clue to the presence of a mine. In June 1963, Texas Gulf finally acquired an option to purchase mineral rights to the property for \$500. Darko was nervous to look at it when he arrived in Timmins on October 15.

Kenneth Darko had just returned from a summer on the northern tip of Baffin Island, where he was helping to outline large iron-ore deposits. Before going to Baffin Island, he had met with the company's chief geologist, Walter Holyk, and offered to forego his vacation if he could spend a month in Timmins. Holyk, another British Columbian, had been at Texas Gulf since 1957 and was the man who initiated the company's Canadian Shield project in 1957.

What excited Darko and Holyk, and to a lesser extent the management of Texas Gulf, was a quarter-mile patch of muskeg and silt, both 14 miles to the north of Timmins. Texas Gulf added to the Murray-Hendrie property after the estate that owned it and that, after four years of careful negotiations, had opened it to Texas Gulf earlier that year.

On the Hendrie property, Texas Gulf's airborne survey crews had detected an anomaly — a reaction resisted by geophysical instruments in which there is a variation from the norm. Anomalies may indicate the presence of some conductive or magnetic material below the surface of the ground and are a clue to the possible presence of mineral materials. Anomalies showed in the area around Timmins, and most are worthless. Texas Gulf, in fact, had spent close to three million dollars finding and drilling 65 anomalies in the preceding four years, with no result.

Timmins had just been the British Geophysical Company's "Mortgage" in 1965. Published by McGraw-Hill Co. of Canada Ltd.



a Joe Namath lifestyle,
a Cadillac and a Shelby,
a Mod Squad wardrobe,
a luxurious pad with circular bed,
and girls, girls, girls.
That's hockey's

**DEREK
SANDERSON**

THE DEAD-END KID WHO WANTS TO BE A SUPERSTAR

BY STAN FISCHLER

THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE is facing its own kind of sexual revolution, led by an irreverent, 23-year-old center with the Boston Bruins named Derek Michael Sanderson. Sporting bell-bottoms, sideburns and rascally hair, the 176-pound Sanderson is determined to "do his own thing" in the face of the hockey Establishment, probably the most conservative in major-league sports. His avowed projects for 1970 include

- Warming and selling hockey's first white skates
- Opening a hip men's boutique in partnership with his friend, Cleveland Indians' Ken Harrison
- Becoming a partner in the Boston branch of Joe Namath's Bachelors III restaurant in downtown Boston, next door to the Playboy Club
- Keeping his status as fashion plate and unofficial clubbing consultant to the Boston Bruins
- Settling a few grudges on a list that includes Bob Buz, Gordie Howe and Noel Picard

Although no threat to William F. Buckley in debate, Sanderson says what he thinks, often not the kind of thing the NHL would encourage. "Gee, go 10 of the best-looking women in the city and I'll play for nothing. . . . almost," or, "The square hockey world could use a change, and I'm the guy to change it," or, "I've never said a thing I'm sorry for in all my life."

All of which has led to the inevitable comparison with Joe Namath, the quarterback of the New York Jets, who led his team to an upset win over the Baltimore Colts in the Super Bowl. Even Sanderson's teammates call him Little Joe. And he himself admits to the likeness. "When Namath said he would beat the Colts," says Sanderson, "I really had to respect him. That takes a lot of nerve. Then he beat 'em and showed you how much of a man he is by giving credit to the rest of the team. He couldn't care less about the Baltimore Colts. I couldn't care less about the Montreal Canadiens."

Swinger Sanderson, man of many faces, has a new girl friend (right). "This time it's a date—darnit," he confesses



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT BRITTON

The man in the snowy-white skates says simply: 'You want class, kid, it'll cost you a few bucks'



It's a long way from the back streets of St. Catharines, Ont., to the smart neighborhoods of Boston, the riding gear, and a knowledgeable hand with a pen in each glove. But Sandrine allows the lawyer to remind him to stay "classy" and "thank you" at public events.



Nathaniel partnership in Bachelors III, the New York restaurant alleged to number Mafia members among its patrons by no means disenchanted Sandrine with Broadway. In fact Sandrine is looking forward to his coming partnership with Nathaniel in Boston's Bachelors III. "I don't think a Bachelors III in Boston would be as dominant to me as it is," he explains. "Here it's an entirely different environment from New York. Besides, my whole life has been peered toward recognition, attacking what I want."

Although he received a great deal of attention last season, particularly in the playoffs, Sandrine had not caught up to the star billing of teammates Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. "There are three things you need to make money in professional sports," he says. "One is talent. The second is points. The third is color. Orr had the talent. Esposito had the points. The only thing left for me was the color."

Sandrine started being colorful as soon as he arrived at the Bruins' training camp last season. While most of the hopefuls showed up with the regulation court-catch NHL "hunger," Sandrine had submitted a prodigious set of Peleerous adjectives. "When Matt Schmidt [the Bruins' general manager] saw them, he was sick," says Sandrine. "He said, 'Cut those things off.' I said to him straight, 'Don't worry about how I cut my hair. How I play hockey is all you got to worry about.'"

That wasn't the end of the problems. A few weeks later Sandrine showed up for an exhibition game with a wattle straight out of Mid-South. Schmidt had given the law. "Straight shirt and tie, kid," he said. "What do you think you're doing?" Sandrine patiently pointed out that tie-belt-brooch. Neckties jackets and turtlenecks were very much de rigeur in the best of players. Schmidt was persuaded, reluctantly, and soon Ted Green, Gerry Cheevers, Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr all joined the Sandrine fashion parade.

"Orn used to have a haircut," says Sandrine, "and I told him, 'Bobby, the haircut, forget it. It makes you look like a kid of 16.' So then I got him to a hair stylist. Now he's got a longer and it looks better, right?" I told him to grow adjectives, too, but he got me back, so he can't grow the adjectives." (Orr is one of the youngest players in the NHL.)

Sandrine's fashion consulting branched out to include shirts and ties. "Take Johnny McKinnon," he says. "He used to wear a Christmas tie and socks to match. So I told him, that don't go. He tells me to get him a shirt and tie. So I go out and bring them back for him and tell him to give me the dough — \$7 bucks for a shirt and tie. He was sick. So I told him, 'You want a little class, kid? It cost you a few bucks.'"

Class means a lot to Sandrine, and he is ready to spend whatever it takes to meet his obvious friends. He owns not one suit, but two: a Cadillac Eldorado and a Mustang Shelby. He drives out rap-

idity and with style at such places as the grateful Hawthorne Hotel in New York, overlooking the Atlantic at Swampscott, near Boston. I like a dress evening," he says. "I'm not in the profession, but I like a nice quiet dinner. A little something, a little wine."

For after-dinner there is of course, The Apartment, Sandrine's home, in suburban Boston. It's upstairs, a two-bedroomed cottage given a sort of Spanish air to the place (even the kitchen is beamed). There's a sunken living room, with wall-to-wall blue-gray shag rug, on foot of a cork wall there's a velvet bar, one other wall is entirely mirrored. Up the stairs on the next level is the bedroom, with an eight-foot circular bed and an adobe-deep, wall-to-wall, white-lin rug. One wall is mirrored.

The day I talked to Sandrine he looked like a hip. Clint Eastwood, his dark adjectives drabbed above a lively yellow shirt cut to the navel, showing off green-colored hip-huggers. He peered at me and for me a Coke for himself (he got me a drink of a drink). Sitting himself comfortably, he answered the obvious question.

"You want to know what kind of girl I like?" he said, reflectively. "The girl has to be freestyle, but she has to have a head on her shoulders and know what she's doing. My whole theory is that a woman can interest you with her body, but she can hold you with her mind, right? I like a girl who is really good-looking. Intelligent. Sensative and self. The type of girl who can fit into a dress at the Wolford as a dress best down at the beach. Very few girls can do that. And she has to be the kind of girl who can make a man feel like a man."

Sandrine walked into the room and pushed open a long sliding door. Inside, the closet was jammed. "I got the shirts, the Edwardian suits, the coats, he said, "and since I got the classy suits and the adjectives, the success I've had with women this year over last year has been phenomenal."

Marriage? "Let's put it this way. I'm not fighting him. If it comes my way, I'll take it. But right now I'm not looking for it."

According to many of the men who run hockey, not we don't do. Once, when his Springfield hockey club was suffering through a slump, owner Eddie Shore ordered all his players to abstain from sexual activity. There is even one that Sandrine could never have played for the disqualifying Shore.

"Don't get me wrong," says Sandrine. "My theory is 'Everything is moderation.' If I'm going to be with a broad the night before going to the rink, I'll have at night to sleep, get home in the morning, be with her and midnight, then go to sleep. For me I know I've got to have my rest, right? I plan everything I do with the game in mind, right? That's the most important thing — it's my whole life."

"Such careful planning resulted in Sandrine's superb playoff performances



That hockey stick is a great equalizer. Anybody runs at me, he'll have to absorb about four feet of lumber in his solar plexus before he gets to me'

last spring against the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Montreal Canadiens. A few weeks before the playoffs, he decided I was a good time to give him for a while. "I said to myself, 'Okay, what kind of broad do I have surrounding me?' Then, I said, 'All right, this one is a good cool, good looking.' She had me eating breakfast, going to training, right? Then we were, stayed here all the time — got plenty of rest. But after the season, it was over. All victory is the space of life, right?"

Sandrine's father, a pleasant man in his mid-40s, is a production consultant for a General Motors subsidiary in St. Catharines, Ontario. There was never a question in Harold Sandrine's mind but that his son would make it in the NHL.

"I'll tell you," says Harold, "he was a helluva good son. When that boy was 10 years old, I said to my mother, 'He's something special — he's sure-fire NHL caliber.' I could tell then because he did so much about. The only thing I ever said to him was, 'Don't take any money from anybody.' And he never did. The kid never looked back."

When Derek was three, Harold had him balancing on skates on the living-room carpet. All live he was on the ice, and he soon he was turning both ways and doing stops and starts. "Dad changed his hours at the Kimberly-Clark plant, where he then worked, to a four-to-12 night shift so he could see me in the daytime. My father never made that much money — \$40, \$50 a week — from his mechanical's job. When I was nine he gave me \$50 hockey gloves. I got Telo's best skates, as soon as my feet were big enough. Every Christmas I got a brand-new pair of skates — no problem. That was my Christmas, one instead of — so boys, nothing — just hockey equipment. A lot of fatherly push, but he didn't push me. He just encouraged me and said, 'I'll see you out there today, and he'll be out there.'"

At 17, Derek quit high school. Harold Sandrine was not overjoyed about his son's decision, but he didn't counter. "You're man enough to make the decisions for yourself," he told Derek. But remember there are three things in your life — a social life, an educational life and a career in hockey. To make it in one of those three, you've got to have to sacrifice one of the others. Sandrine sacrificed school."

In 1984, when the Sandrine name — a dead-end ad as skates — was capturing headlines across Canada, Derek, during a game in the Ontario Hockey Association Junior A League, a fan threw hot coffee in Sandrine's face. After a 10-minute Cup game, Sandrine was so mad jumped him and beat him up. To this day, some Ontarioans insist that Sandrine deserved the beating as payment for his treatment of Northwestern Ontario's Bob Foltzberg, Foltzberg, who was taller and considerably heavier than Sandrine, punched him into a fight and Sandrine knocked him out. "Then," Sandrine recalls, "I figured I had to be

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ing it to a head. I want one, I want one. . . . Okay, you're a nut. No body made a move.

Another time, while playing for the OHA Junior A All-Stars, he nearly ignited an international incident by jolting a member of the Czech National Team in the stomach with the butt-end of his stick. Sunderson claims that the Czechs got in his several times. In any event, Sunderson enjoyed the publicity. "I said to myself, 'Publicity out of a fight — not bad. Keep fighting, kid.' In the remainder of my junior career, I ended up with 46 fights."

But when he arrived at the NHL, his Boston teammates warned him that the league policemen would take a dim view of his demeanor. Boston Herald columnist D. Leo Moreau warned him to prettify his face, to get out of his way to antagonize Gordie Howe, "probably the strongest — and most violent — man playing professional hockey." Sunderson was not surprised and even went so far as to pack a bottle with Howe.

"One theory I got on," he says, "I don't care who he is, his face will bleed just like mine, right? That stuck in a great equation. I've cut people so often I can't remember who or when. So his Howe."

Sunderson's penchant for chaos has led him to challenge the best fighters in the league. During his rookie year, he fought Orlend Kerechich, Ted Lerner, and Terry Harper as well as Howe. When teammate Ted Green congratulated him at the end of the 1967-68 season, Sunderson mistakenly thought Green was greeting his scoring ability. "No," said Green. "I'm shaking your hand just because you got that body of yours through this league. When I saw you in training camp I didn't believe you could do it. I thought you were going to get killed."

Sunderson refuses to wear a helmet for protection. "A helmet would turn me right off," he says. "My whole theory on helmets is that if you're going to wear one, you've got to be conscious of injury because it's an added piece of equipment and if you're conscious of injury in this game, get out of it. The second you worry about it, you're going to get hurt bad."

Sunderson's father was against helmets and it was Harold who roughened Derek up when he was only nine. His head had been cut for two stitches and he lived profusely. Derek had never seen blood before and he was sick. But Harold urged him to return to the ice. "Later, I started to get scared of stitches. Dad said to cut out the stitches and put 'em in a little box. He was my first teacher."

There was a knock on the door. It was Bob Woolf, Sunderson's attorney, a Boston lawyer who also represents Boston's Green and Gagnon. Woolf is a sort of father-son-figure for Sunderson. He gives him a weekly allowance, holds power of attorney for him and advises him on business deals. "This guy," says Sunderson, "handles every move I make — stuff from waffles."

Sunderson told Woolf he had just re-

This season's aim for yesterday's dead-end kid of hockey: the Bruins' power play, all-star rating and a \$50,000 pay packet

ceived an engraved gold invitation to the Boston Debaters' Ball. "I'd rather not have you go," said Woolf, warning, "unless you improve your manners. I've got to train you how to say 'please' and 'thank you.' I think you ought to go to school about this."

A few months ago, Woolf accompanied Sunderson to the formal Press Photographers Ball. Woolf thought it would be a good time to teach Sunderson a chapter or two from *Etiquette*. They arranged a contest. Sunderson would get one point for a correct use of "please" and another point for "thank you" and two points for "you're welcome." But he would be penalized for every insult. By the end of the evening, Sunderson had lost, 11-5.

"I came up in a dead-end neighborhood," Sunderson explains. "I came up where you scratched and fought all your life. It was dog-eat-dog. If you wanted a cigarette, you'd say, 'Gimme a weed,' and two weeks later you'd say, 'My friend here has a cigarette.'"

The Bruins management, who couldn't care less about Sunderson's etiquette took a dim view when they learned he was only planned to wear white hockey skates but would market a "Derek Sunderson White Skate."

"The Bruins don't see eye to eye with me on the skates," said Sunderson in a moment of rare indignity. "They're a little stuffy, they figure it's 'Americanizing' the game and that the players, who are mostly all Canadians, might like offense."

Manager Sweeney tried to reason with Sunderson. "Turn, and Sunderson," you've got to change. If you're planning to wear white skates. First of all they're going to try to skate at you till you're silly. Every tough guy, every fringe player, is going to make a run at you because you're trying to be the big shot. You'll be skating in the crowd, you're never looked down at your feet and you won't skate. You'll be taking a face-off and look down and when you see white skates you might get sick."

Sunderson considered the objections — and then advised the factory to construct the white skates as planned. He is not perturbed about the prospects of young players running at him if they

do. They still have to absorb about four feet of lumber in their solar plexus before reaching him.

Like Naudy, Sunderson is regarded with hostility by many of his opponents. In part the anger is due to behavior that is bizarre by hockey's square standards. In part, it's because of Sunderson's earlier. Minutes after the Canadiens had defeated Boston in the Stanley Cup semifinals last April, a reporter put a question to Sunderson, requesting a gracious tribute to the champions.

"They [the Canadiens] don't have the team, the defense, the talent or the guts," said Sunderson. Reminded of other veterans several months later, he said he cannot ever read of it then and means every word of it now.

He has an irreverence that will put down an opponent without hesitation. Talking about the playoffs, he was reminded of a fight he had with Montreal's Dick Duff. "He's the only guy under 200 pounds I've ever fought," he said, sticking up his head. "I was amazed that the guy stayed a punch as long as I did. I mean, it was no contest. There's just no way a guy is going to win, right?"

Sunderson the fighter is not equaled by Sunderson the hockey player, and he knows it. Though he won the Calder Trophy as the league's best rookie in 1967-68 and scored a respectable 26 goals and 22 assists last year, he believes his four years away from his peak.

"The thing I haven't gotten yet, but my gut tells me, is the opportunity to hit harder and work the power play. And I can do both. But Harry [Sweeney, the coach] has a whole theory of his that he's not going to break me in too fast. But you don't get on all-star rink unless you're on the power play. You just gotta take those things in stride. For now, just bide. As long as we keep on winning, Phil Esposito is putting money in my pocket."

The money could have been more substantial in the first ten years, but he's still a slammer. Hughes' Bruins refused him to sign a contract he considered far below his worth. But at last season's playoffs, the Bruins weakened the pot, and with Woolf's advice his income shot up from \$35,000 to \$175,000.

He hasn't forgotten who made it all possible. "I bought Dad a boat," he reveals. "I bought him a motor boat, bought him a color TV. He wanted to see me."

Sunderson offered me a flask of gin-and-tonic, then pulled out another cigarette. "I know what I'm doing," he said. "I know what this life is all about. I know exactly what it takes. I know what it's all about. I'm going to live my own business. You want to do your thing, you do it. It won't affect me as long as I'm happy, right? I think one my own little corner of the world and let every other guy do what he wants to do. As long as I'm doing it, I'm going to be getting along and I'm not leaving any of my friends, right?"

Anything you say, Little Joe. □

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Twelve years ago Bob Pichette sat up his own business in Lethbridge, Alberta, as a photographer. Since then, it's become his way of life. He owned a photographer. Then, some business the studio and its lending photographer in his community. He can call it all home. It's even made his something of a philosopher. Nobody, he says, nobody is really ugly. And he has pictures to prove it.

To business. About a year ago some of Bob's well-wishers sent him a Pitney-Bowes postage meter. He had heard about it for a year to prevent the happening again. He decided to get a Pitney-Bowes postage meter to make sure his mail would be handled accurately. And what he was told it he ordered a postage meter to use.

Bob got the meter simply to insure having the correct postage on hand at all times—but to his delight, he found he'd got a whole lot more than he had

gotten for.

For a start, he's practically said goodbye to the Post Office! No more waiting in line, no more scrambling to meet the Post Office schedule. And he has a ready meter to all the postage he used to help to his advantage at his home.

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that the meter premeters all postage. If Bob tells a client he will send the photographs by Thursday, he has the dated meter stamp to prove that he did.

Bob even feels that indirectly his postage meter helps him sell more pictures. For instance, if he sends a wedding on Saturday, he can have sample pictures ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away, so his potential customers get them by Monday—which is so soon after the happy event that they are in a good mood to buy

And Bob has one more benefit to come from his meter. Remembering the advice he's heard from one of his teachers, make sure people know you. Bob is busy dressing his own letter and his Pitney-Bowes postage meter will be happy to print it for him, right beside the postage.

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ACCIDENT REPORT

NOVEMBER 1969

What to do at the scene of the accident

STAY CALM! Don't get involved in arguments. You can't undo the accident and you may incriminate yourself. Accidents involving injury or damage of \$750.00 or more must be reported to the police. For lesser accidents you or the other driver may decide whether to call the police. The police can get an ambulance or medical aid quickly. Ask them for cash help when you phone them. In an emergency, usually dial "Operator" and ask for help.

Should you move the cars or injured parties? The law says that you must not obstruct traffic in an avoidable way. If the accident is minor and you are sure your car really, do so. But first make a diagram showing the position of the cars, the direction of travel, and street names. Note the time of day, weather conditions, names and addresses; witnesses especially.

Don't move an injured person unless it's clearly necessary to get him out of danger. Otherwise wait for the ambulance.

Getting help from your insurance company

Gathering info at any time during business hours in your own town or anywhere else (phone your insurance agent) at other times, if you cannot reach your agent, try your insurance company (the name is on your insurance card).

Most insurance companies have services which rely assigned to the claims staff or to selected independent adjusters. If you can't make contact with your agent immediately, at least make sure you call "your insurance adjusters" under "A" in the yellow pages, or a local independent insurance agent.

Although he does not represent you directly, either one will usually be pleased to help.

Getting your car repaired

If the damage to your car is minor it may be convenient to get estimates from two garages, and have the repairs done at the better one. Usually, though, when a garage has made an estimate the insurance adjuster appointed by your company will inspect your car, making sure that no accident damage has been overlooked. Quite often a disinterested mechanic



Accidents don't happen—they're caused!

a qualified appraiser to view the damage with the garage, and agree upon a fair price. This makes certain that you get your money's worth, and the insurance company does too.

In those areas where there is no sufficient volume of claims, insurance companies employ staff appraisers. Royal Insurance Group requests its appraisers to hold provincial body shop and mechanic's licenses which require about 10 years' training and make them competent professionals. Because one professional (the appraiser) deals with another (the body shop man), repairs get done efficiently.

Should you discover something unexpected when you retrieve your car, and the car happens, don't worry. It will be repaired, so long as it was the result of the accident. Any insurance company will make good the damage, because only if you're satisfied can they hope to keep your business.

Do you know about Accident Benefits?

Ask your Agent!

What happens to your insurance rate when you have an accident?

Your auto insurance rate depends on the category your driver puts you in. The categories (there are hundreds of them) are in fact statistical tables. They're based on many factors, such as: type of driver, accident record, vehicle population den-

ity, age and sex of vehicle. All ratings depend on each factor, and a re-writing judgment decides where you belong.

If you are the guilty driver in an accident your rate will go up, simply because your violation charge. How much your rate goes up will depend on the cost and number of accidents you have (and often, like you, of course) as well as your circumstances.

What's guilty, and who decides? The answers are simple enough. Our survey revealed that in 92.4% of accidents responsibility was clear. One or other of the drivers was completely at fault. In only 7.4% of cases was liability disputed or uncertain. The insurance companies therefore can determine who is right and who is wrong in order to settle claims.

If you're the innocent driver, and the guilty one is innocent, your rate shouldn't go up. If you're the innocent driver and the guilty one is not innocent, your insurance company may choose to raise your rate. Either way, if you're asked to pay more, you have a perfect right to inquire. Talk to your agent. One of the virtues of his being an independent agent is that it's his job to speak for you. He knows more about you and your driving than any other insurance company does.

If he thinks you've got a case he'll go to bat for you. Also, if you request it, he will see whether another company can offer you a better rate. In this way he'll help you get the best deal. And that's good reason for using an INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENT for all your insurance.



ROYAL INSURANCE GROUP
WESTERN BRANCH OFFICES
TORONTO

'EVER BEEN KNELT ON BY AN ELEPHANT?'

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

I've just finished looking over the Guinness Book of Records—a 350-page collection of odd bits of information, much of which deals with such things as the duration record for face-slapping (10 hours) and the fastest anyone has ever eaten a 19-ounce baguette (165 seconds in Waterloo Station, London, January 1, 1967). It reminded me, in an awful way, of the world in which my generation grew up, when such things as flagpole-sitting, extreme individual competitiveness and a desire to excel were as popular as today's love-ins.

We kids tried to triumph over one another in small personal accomplishments. There was one kid on our block who could juggle at will and often belittled the whole alphabet in 10 seconds to a circle of stunned admirers. We wrestled continuously with fixed rules and our hair in our eyes and knelt on the backs of our another's backs until our victims gave up. We got up. Times like that. There were no winners or losers for our fellow ones among the lot of us.

Girls were just as bad, or worse. They arm-wrestled with the boys across school desks, the boys shaking out on their foreheads, and were ferocious at what they called "winning you down." A girl would look up unblinkingly with some grunting kid until the boys were pouring down his cheeks and he felt as if the top of his head were coming off.

Steady school didn't help. There were ways there to beat everyone else. I remember one time I found that I was rather good at praying, and infuriated my class for weeks by giving a prayer say school. I was asked until God must have noticed it, because my Sunday school teacher, deprecating that anybody who could pray like that was a born winner, made me captain of the hockey

team, ignoring my protest that I couldn't skate, which he mistook for Christian modesty. I let in 17 goals in 10 minutes, lying flat on my face and sweating. But it didn't discourage me. Nothing stopped me from trying to excel.

I'll say one thing for the competitive instinct; it came in handy during the Depression, when some kind of frantic determination of one's superior qualities was needed to get a job. We wrote and memorized long speeches that began, "Be I am convinced that I have something to offer that you need," and recited them, staring straight ahead at any employer whose recognition slipped us long enough to let us pass his desk. This kind of thing seemed to have some kind of momentum. Even after we got jobs, we looked out every now and then in ways you don't see now in offices where the delivery boys have X-Rays. I remember one young fellow I worked with at Eaton's going down a pencil shaft from the roof (and so the basement). I saw him from a yacht with a narrow face and prominent blush, sitting in a dark opening, perched above the unknown, giving a load of royal woe and disappearing with a mending mending sound. He came out on a steel disk, the disk the basement at what he estimated to be 50 miles an hour.

As a result of this background, I still find myself unconsciously trying to set records. A few years ago, while swimming in a water-skiing pool with my daughters, I nearly drowned in four feet of water. We were turning sideways under water and I remembered saying to myself when I was upside down, "One more time and I'll be the champion of the world." Right after that I lost all sense of direction, ran out of air, and started down to get it. Stenhouse I also

continued on page 420



The elephant, puzzled by what she was supposed to do, decided to kneel on one

THEY CHANGED HAIG & HAIG TO HAIG. ISN'T THAT GREAT?



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These men
rub some
people
the wrong way.

Haggart, Besicovich, Kostner, McKenna Porter, Fisher and Crowe. They really rub some people the wrong way. And occasionally we receive a call from someone so angry at one of our columnists that they cancel their subscription. We're sorry about that. We hate to lose a reader. But we would hate even more to have to abdicate our responsibility as a newspaper . . . our responsibility to present every side to every story and safeguard the freedom of opinion. One of the fastest ways to do so would be to muzzle our columnists.

We at The Telegram have varied views. Not one of us is likely to agree with every columnist. But we do agree on one thing: the keystone of a free society is a free press . . . a forum for all shades of opinion. While we strive to keep opinions out of our news stories we do encourage them among our columnists.

Certainly we care when we lose one reader. But we would be much more concerned if all our readers should lose the opportunity to assess conflicting viewpoints. This is what democracy is all about. And this is our part in it as a newspaper.

Yes, The Telegram does care. But because we care, we must also dare . . . dare to be challenging and provocative in these challenging and provocative times.

The Telegram cares.



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Dewar's を
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In the old days, I went around fumbling with light meters, flashguns, exposure settings, who knows what else. Just like everybody else.

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Yashica Electro 35

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TALKBACK from page 13

• School boards have only to realize that to halve the number of pupils per class would reduce the strain on teachers and help to bring about the much-longed-for reform.

MRS. MARILYN MORSE, MONTREAL

• Sitting shut on the breadroom may be fine for the growth of one's self-identity, but it's a hell of a way to become an engineer or a doctor or to enter any calling where a grasp of facts is crucial.

DOLPH GARY, INGLEWOOD, ONT.

• The Mexican high school pictured on an author's cover is one of the few in Canada where the academic department does not look down its long academic nose at the vocational or non-academic department. It also produced the leader in university matriculation at the province (at one time Canada measured its probably scholars any longer?). Educational reform in NB has been revolutionary. Our schools now feature an increased province-wide teacher's salary scale, expanded schools, individual rate-setting, complete consolidation of small school districts, a completely reconstructed curriculum, French language schools that now function to the end of university.

Dr. M. GRANT, MONCTON, NB

• Poor Belle Mullins. So she can't bring together "teachers," "nerds," and "yikessters" at the age of five. Good! Perhaps new her lack could well be open for inquiry, answers, and creativity as advocated by the Hall-Dennis Report.

— A. CAMERON, KINGSVILLE, ONT.

• Julie may have coloured the alphabet, temple entrance and some scientific data and her sister may never show above school at home, but TU bet their post again and teachers believe in the Hall-Dennis Report and find that they are practicing it. Lloyd's Union has resumed the words of the progressive-education movement of more than 30 years ago in the U.S. The words sound good, but when schools tried to put the words into practice, the U.S. became the laughingstock of the educational world.

A. F. SCHWARTZ, TORONTO

Fashion with a jolt

KE MORGAN Harris' article in the Toronto and Montreal edition shows, at Tale Of 2 Cities. Let's hope it will tell more than a few people I think you are behalf of The Fashion Group — MELAN OFFENHEIM, THE FASHION GROUP INC., MONTREAL.

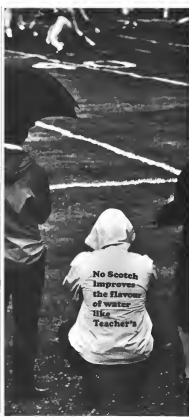
After 'Gable,' football's better

Congratulations on the sensitive, well-written article on football's Wild Card. Our favorite of the 1980s (the Wild Card) is now the Wild Card. My appreciation of football is now much greater.

— PAUL BIRCH, TORONTO

• With Gable having died in Winnipeg in nature for football, Dave Ramsey, it is evident the Arpa management did not think that Gable could bring them the Gay Cup.

Continued on page 44





THE VIOLENT DEATH OF PADDY DONOVAN

BY ALAN EDMONDES
Photography by ARNOLD MORGAN

Why does a sensitive 18-year-old from a middle-class home take a sawed-off shotgun and hold up a bank?

BE TWO CIRCUMSTANCES the family decided it should be a quiet funeral, but even so about 50 people, maybe more, turned up at the 125-year-old sandstone Church of Our Lady Of The Visitation set back off the highway in the Gommersville village of South Gloucester. The Donovans live in this parish but rarely use the church, preferring one nearer to Ottawa. But you have to bury your dead in your own churchyard, and Maurice and Gerry Donovan found it almost comfortingly unexpected to have Paddy buried by a strange priest who knew him: he died—who didn't?—but not how he lived.

Monday, July 28, 4 p.m. The family arrived, summer dresses for the women and neatly taken bluish men for the men, who moved with the wary hesitancy—a sort of walking sigh—common to men at funerals. There were two distinct groups of friends. There were the older people, friends of the family but set apart from them because that kind of grief cannot be shared by outsiders. Then there were the young people, Paddy's friends, 10 teenage boys and one bespectacled, pretty-plus brown-haired girl. There is an incongruity about seeing teenagers, even aging ones, silent and motionless in tidily subdued suits, long hair neatly combed. Death is a part of man's estate to which the young should come late, and so if they felt this

they stood at the back of the church, their faces pulled with the tight lines the narrow, yellow-glass windows in each wall.

"He was devoutly agnostic and he said once that instead of a funeral he wanted people to throw a great party," He said, "I guess I want a cultist people there saying how nice I was." (Bob Osborne, 19, curly-haired, son of a lieutenant colonel, lives near Gloucester High School, where he went to school with Paddy. He says that it's wrong, what everyone says, that Paddy was a loner with few friends. "It's just that he had rejected The System—didn't want any part of it—and that he was very, very intelligent in his friends. Me and John—John Leventi—and Paddy were very close. He knew he could talk to us, or not talk, and still be understood. The high school boys will probably snort, but if you are young intelligent that the average you know it, and you are set apart from the crowd. Paddy was a very special person, and he knew it—he was quite concerned about his brain, really—and he sought out others like him.")

When Bob Osborne—Oh—and John Leventi talk about Paddy Donovan now, they sound almost delirious. But

'My son would not have shot the policeman—he was a good boy'

then, Paddy was exceptional. In a world custom-tailored for the average, he had the makings and, later, the courage, not to be (though his mother expects that for sure he deliberately kept his marks down so he wouldn't stand out from the crowd). Teachers talk of Paddy as a mind "able to think for itself." School was easy, too easy perhaps, and after a sixth-grade 13 test he had just been accepted by the University of Toronto, where competition is tough, for the art-and-science course he considered a prelude to studying law. He could play the guitar like a professional, and was once elected House King of Gloucester High on what teachers remember as a "non-establishment" platform — though most of them can only remember that he advocated marning the teachers' lounge into a student recreation room.

Two men stood totally apart and spoke to me as equals. Other men, though they were the directors, Thomas Bevin and Leonard deGroot, and six, as the crowd knew, would sit and watch, wondering, these men in grey against much speculation. Would the police inquiry clear them? What did they think, knowing there was a boy of 18 in the coffin and that they had killed him, that was because (they said) he had grabbed for the speed-off shotgun he was carrying in his guitar case along with the \$6,900 stolen by two robbers minutes earlier from the Imperial Bank of Commerce at Sheppard City plaza near door no. 18 high school?

Later, it turned out the men weren't the detectives and the speculation had been idle.

"I'm glad he was caught. He broke the law and when you do that you should be punished. He knew that. He was taught that by his dad and me all his life." Maurice Donovan, his mother, is 48 and after eight children (six living, one stillborn, one killed by police) she remains a handsome woman. She's wept a lot over her eldest, but mostly in private, and she has no bitterness about the way that the detectives or the society that — somehow — made Gerald Patrick (Paddy) Donovan run around look robber. There is, however, much anguish about the things she doesn't understand. "I don't understand almost any of it, but I really don't understand the guys

And as for trying to shoot the policeman

Paddy wouldn't have shot him, you know. When this sort of thing happens you can't be sure of anything any more, but I am sure of that. He couldn't have shot him.

"I know all parents say it, but he was a good boy. Some kids are all mixed up with drugs and drink, and he was mixed up, yes, but not like that. In fact, he was a cut above physical brains and he used to make sure I had enough protein in the food. If I gave him macaroni-and-cheese, I had to add tuna to it because he didn't think it would have enough protein otherwise.

"It's not that we can't understand why he would do it. We can't believe he would do it. It just goes round and round in your head until you think you're going mad.

"Yes, I know they talk about him rejecting The System. I don't know about that, though he didn't like it, not being able to build a new house after working and saving for years, just because of mortgage-company rules. But you've got to live with the system. You can't change it. We've always believed in work, and maybe that was wrong, too. We always said if you don't get your grade 13 you are useless to society and you can't get a good job. Paddy always wanted to go to university, but we were always short of money and it wasn't until this time that we knew we couldn't build the new house and could help him. He signed the law for the shareholders, but he thought he could start something playing his guitar."

Maurice and Gerry Donovan leads at the front, past the site and the 18-story skyscraper-like figure of Christ the Cross, their six remaining children heads then. This service would be the only farewell to Paddy. There would be no wake, and only a couple of very close relatives had that pine in the old house on Lincolnton Road — the house more than 10 miles from downtown Ottawa, where the Donovans' childhood weekends from an Ottawa city street, had bought 18 years ago so they could raise their children in the quiet, healthy air of the country. Since at that time only Paddy had been born, it was for him they moved. It had been too small a house for some years: three bedrooms, a big living room, combustion kitchen-and-dining room and four people. In winter it grows really cramped.

They were all in the same pose now. The four girls, Marie, 17, and Stephen, 16, Gerry Donovan, deep-furrowed brow plate grinning. In the air, and with the new worry, looking older than 40, posed down at the hands that could never be entirely free of the grease in which a mechanic constantly works. Beside Gerry, Maurice trembled. Alongside him, Stephen was. He really was young to understand? Perhaps he was thinking about his time.

Both Donovans child has a tree in the garden — except Stephen. The four girls each have a pet. The half-grown weeping willow at the left-hand corner was planted by Paddy, and the night before the robbery Paddy carefully took a cutting from his willow and put it to root so that, after a week or so, Stephen could plant it. Paddy liked kids. He used to say, in those 2 a.m. talks, Maurice said so, that "society is a lot better because kids grow up like their parents." Once he wrote in a notebook: "Just do what you want, but don't do the children. Help yourself, but don't help the children. But what you want, but don't do the children."

The car they stole was a blue 1967 Chevy. It travelled into a two-storied parking lot of Sheppard City, crowded around the western corner of the hanger-sized plaza behind to stop at the bank. The robbery took place in the pillow cases, lined out, creased back the bank's use and used, the money, silver and gold, and the robbery, including a small child, with his mother, sawed-off shotgun. "Stand still. Put your hands above your heads." They yelled loudly, perhaps in fear, perhaps to disguise their young voices. The child began crying. Unnoticed, Mary Laughlin, a teller, pressed the button that gives the alarm of the police station several miles away.

It was 3:25 p.m. One robber stayed at the door, just ready. The other took a green plastic garbage bag to each of the two tellers, yelled at them to hurry up, kept yelling "Don't forget the handbags." Within 10, perhaps 40 seconds, they had gone. The Chevy's tires squealing. At least 17 people had the house number. Two more gave testifies about Bank manager Joseph Chapman thought it over and said, "I know there well that if anyone had pulled a gun on them in the bank they would have shot someone." He also said, "They had it

continued on page 53



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5. "Dejaque's is a great place for lobster in Montreal. They thought it strange that I brought my own, but they cooked them to perfection. My guests were amazed when I told them of my adventure. Of course, I used my Money Card to pay for lunch!"



6. "The best thing about the Money Card is that you can go anywhere, do anything, anytime you like. The Money Card works everywhere." If you'd like the freedom of an American Express Money Card, just fill in the coupon above.

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PADDY DONOVAN continued

'He seemed to want to make sure that people would remember him'

well planned and carried it out extremely well. In this planning, Paddy had wanted the bank a day earlier to gossip with a clerk, a former classmate.

Answering the radio call, Dorothea Bowles and deGrandpre passed a blue Chevy as it headed toward the National Research Council. At the bank, they got the description and went looking for that Chevy. They found it abandoned in the Research Council parking lot. They saw two kids: the bearded one carrying a guitar case, just inside the 3.50 bus for downtown Ottawa. They watched the kids go to the greenhouse to wait for the next bus. It didn't seem very likely, but there was no one else to question, so

Later, when she thought of it, Maureen Donovan was pleasantly surprised that so many neighbors had attended the funeral, because they had had so little to do with them: their being little in common between farmers and a city musician and his family. But halfway down the church was Mrs. Gordon, wife of former Barton Gordon for whom Paddy had worked two summers. Mrs. Burton was there because Paddy had, after all, come with them, and had baby-sat and played his guitar for the children. And she always remembered the day he had fallen from the hay wagon and had collared to the corner underneath so that the wagon passed safely over him instead of killing him. "I had it planned," Mrs. Gaskins, he explained quietly. "I had thought of what I would do if I fell off, so where I did, I knew just how to save my life."

Depending on who you were and what your problems were and what he thought of you, Paddy Donovan appeared to walk alone, or be alone, or shy or even damned arrogant. "He had a quiet voice and when you met him, you'd probably think he's a nervousy, but anyone who knew him would give him a triple-A for character, intelligence, friendliness — those kinds of qualities," says history teacher John Reader. He was five-foot-10, bespectacled, brown-haired, with an air of abstraction, or dreaminess, or some shy, malnourished. In the last six months, he wore a beard, which he kept as neatly trimmed as his hair. His mother was proud of that.

Lastly, he had also developed some disconcerting habits. Bob Osborn says he might walk up to someone and place a

hand on his chest and just stare at him to see who broke the silence first. Lastly, he had another trick on carrying people, sometimes at least. He would set his face in a false grin and make his eyes bigger and give a laugh that was more of a howl, and finish it by sucking his teeth in with a drawn-out whining sound. "He seemed to want to make sure people remembered him, even if they didn't like him," says Bob Osborn. "He came on impulsive, and if they liked him after that he figured they could put up with that being normal."

In his last year, he caught the school bus at 7:15 a.m. every day, just as he always had, and rode the 14 miles to Gloucester High. But he actually went into the school only one or two days a week: grade-13 students have freedom of choice. Paddy chose to sit and talk in the Shopper's Car cafeteria. "He was a nice kid, not frim or anything," says a waitress, or he went to the city library, or he might ride a bus to the Spadina Street Mall in downtown Ottawa and hang around with the hippies who hosted the place. "He thought being a hippie was stupid," say his friends. In the end, his year's school work was so good he was given a 72.6 average and not required to write exams. "He didn't do a damned stroke of work," says one teacher.

"He wasn't obedient, just oriented off from the spiritus," says history teacher Reader. "He was an outstanding student. For instance, some kids of his age are slaves to the facts, but he was intelligent and mature enough to make the facts serve him and relate the material to the world and himself."

That may explain the respect, even awe, that most of his peers had for him. "High school is a way of life, and what you do and who you know there is all-absorbing," explains Bob Osborn. Paddy read anything and everything — Nietzsche to gaudy-covered paperbacks about motorcycle gangs. "His ideas might sound odd-but he is a lot of people," says John Lassett. "But somehow the way he expressed them was unique. Look if there were 400 religions, he'd probably read about them all and have an idea about the 401 that he wanted to start, taking a bit of all the others."

Paddy wrote a remarkably detailed study of the harmonies of a guitar string for a physics project, and dreamed of doing a "scholarship" on the old motorcycle he drove in a field near his home. A "scholar" is covering the machine up on

its back wheel, and a good scholar is being able to drive it at this position while going through the gears.

In grade-12 literature, he was in a so-called Non-Comprehending Group. 15 boys considered hard to teach because of their "attitude." They were taught separately. Their first semester lesson was with English department head Glen Pettenger. Paddy asked Pettenger to assure that he would be recalled in an accident in which "I got to read I don't nearly hit the boy." Instead, he ordered him out of the room. Bob Osborn says, "Pettenger's lucky. I thought Paddy was going to hit him. He could have hit him, with his karate, but he didn't. He never read it." Paddy would learn karate from a book, practice, then conduct the Gloucester High karate class after school.

Jason Donovan — a year younger, a little taller and more gregarious than his brother had been — used with his father in church and left part of them apart, soon then he had some of that school and left home a few months earlier because, as his mother put it, "we were getting on one another's nerves." He thought of Paddy, and he thought of the guitar.

He remembered that Paddy had wanted so badly a year or so ago to go off and make a living playing his guitar, but he had compromised and let his parents and friends persuade him to stay at school. When the brothers had been talking, Paddy had said, "Why not go to university, at least as I can keep on playing? School work is fairly easy for me. I can probably get a degree without much trouble." As Jason saw it, the trouble was that he was not a particularly good student. "He was a pretty good student — could understand that Paddy didn't want anyone to be afraid of, except, perhaps, a hole. Their parents couldn't understand how anyone would not want to go to university and be a lawyer or doctor or something, and Paddy wanted his parents to be proud of him."

As Jason had told their friends this morning about Paddy being a rebel against the system had been exaggerated. He simply had a big thing about people being too to themselves and not have to fit into some arbitrary structure or scheme of things. It wasn't that he wanted to change the world, but he just didn't want to be part of it. He was different, and wanted to stay that way. He

He wrote many songs—but he never wrote one about being happy

Justn't been bothered to go see *The Graduate*

The first guitar had been almost a toy, the second a \$39 radio-cassette special, the third—two years ago—a \$175 Epiphone. He taught himself to play so well that he gave lessons to earn money, and sometimes played at La Roca on Coffey House on Ottawa's Sussex Drive. He could play folk, celtic, blues, American jazz. His schizophrenia in learning the guitar demonstrated a remarkable persistence. He wanted to sing—and taught himself with an old pair of shoes when one-week lessons in the newspaper. As a party 16-year-old, he set up a rigorous program of body-building, and he died a fine physical specimen. He would have a new piece of guitar music by playing a record, one or two bars at a time, painstakingly reproducing the sound on his own instrument. He wrote a lot of his own songs, many of them about loneliness and possibly being gay faster, and because Michael Donsen was not that it's a difficult time, it's the way they all felt in the past. She said she couldn't have understood Paddy as well as the thought she did, "but it takes two to communicate, and we tried."

English teacher Gail Pettinger: "I advised his students, his ability to be an individual and not accept group values and conformity. He had the courage to think things out and go his own way. His whole behaviour had an unassuming about it, a complete rejection of the social values that are accepted. High schools, you know, are linked for the average, which Paddy wasn't. Perhaps that will always be a problem. He was, to the staff, an irritating comma."

One of Paddy's songs was called *Two Take Cities—RIP* and went: *Young man, brother who you can / And if you can, never come to me for me. / You private reason, never come / I get so lonely, and that's an war to be*

So far in anyone knows. Paddy never wrote a song about being happy. He used to talk about his ideal girl; he called her Melissa, or sometimes Melissa. "She was a beautiful girl with a good mind, who understood him and loved him. He could talk to her," says James. He didn't have much to do with girls. Mrs. Delawalle, now in Toronto, says: "He hung around with a crowd that

didn't have much time for girls; they thought they had better things to do." But there was a glossy blonde out of a toothpaste ad named Cindy. Paddy school locker. He said it was his Melissa, or at least what Melissa would look like.

Gerry said Michael Donsen had never met Paddy. He said, the pretty-girls and the girlfriends and the boys, and that when the crowd standing there at the start of the church, it was something of a mystery to them. Some herself was surprised. The thing between Paddy and her said had lasted only three months and had ended some months earlier, when an old flame came back to him to claim her affection.

She had always thought Paddy didn't want people to know him because he was afraid of being hurt. Like lots of boys, he had carried a knife he was proud of, but had thrown it away when the object to it. He did a lot of things for other people, as when he and his friend Ronny Giesels ordered \$10 worth of food in the Arcadia Restaurant, then paid for it and walked out without touching it, saying, "Send it to Ronny." He often planned to work hard, he thought. Heigh's top boy and saw up his diploma in front of the connection to show them what he thought of it. He changed his mind and thought that maybe he wouldn't see it up because he wanted his parents to be proud of him. Once he explained the sudden acquisition of the price of a stereo by saying he had sold a bag of pot. But she never understood it—though he'd tried it, who had?

Another time he said, "I could walk away from you right now and it wouldn't bother me." She had said, "Why didn't you do that?" And he'd answered along a bit in silence and said, "I can't. I don't know why I said that."

Standing there in black, some remembered the little thing she had with Paddy when conversation began. He would say, "You, you would really like it." And he would reply, "Oh." He would say, "On the other hand..." and she would reply, "Your fingers and two thumbs," and then they would both laugh up.

It was James who told his mother that the girl who lived with an old flame of Paddy. It had happened when she was broke a off, but then later when she had called Paddy and they had gone on to date again. But Paddy didn't suffer her back

James said that he thought Paddy's song Melissa might have had something to do with Sonya Hogan.

MELISSA

*The last time I saw Melissa she didn't even say hello
I guess I read too hard to forget her
—I left her much too long ago
It will dawn next night to be lonely, but
she's gone, it's not to be
It's lonely without Melissa at my side
—she didn't even remember me
I can remember the days beside the river
When for her pleasure the sun shone
It's so hard the situation don't mean
much any more
Melissa is dead and gone*

The question Why? haunted the funeral, as it will haunt the Donsens for the rest of their lives. Father Michael Hurlbasak, it did, and when the Mass ended and he turned to speak about the dear departed he said, a little lamely: "There is mystery in everything."

It was to his parents, the skills that Father Hurlbasak was speaking. They didn't understand at the time, they don't now and they never will. Perhaps the Why? is that generation gap that people on both sides of it are forever talking about. The local police chief talks about "the question that will remain unanswered in 1,000 years: just as no one knows the reason for the pointless violence all around us now."

But at the back of this there is an uncertainty. Some even talk of the railway with awe. What's so wrong with robbing a bank? "Morally, it's indefensible, but, unfortunately, robbing a bank is a very pure act of rebellion," says Henry Mackenzie, who left Glencorrie High a year ago. And after all, Paddy nearly made it. At last, the kids say he would have if that bus had been late leaving the Research Council parking lot, as it usually is. James his brother, Rudy Graham, his friend, and Sonya, the girl who all ready picture Paddy plotting the perfect crime, then being inspired to find out whether the plan would work.

It is not for us to understand everything," said Father Hurlbasak. "There are issues what the more we try to understand, the less we do."

At the grave, in the coffin was being lowered, it began to rain, so Father Hurlbasak cut things short and everyone hurried for the cars and drove away. □

TOO & YOUR MONEY

'Averaging down' is a game for losers

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE a longplayer trading on some day because it lost its first three cents, that it's different in the stock market where they have things called "averaging down" and "dollar averaging," which make a virtue out of being on losers.

Remember these are popular devices, particularly among individual investors. And they are often approved by professional advisers who should know better. Their popularity tends to increase during down price periods when the market is taking a beating. Suppose you bought AT&T early this year at \$15 a share for 100 shares, that's \$1,500. It goes to \$10 and you buy 100 more shares \$2,000. Your average price per share has fallen from \$15 to \$12.34. Now the stock only has to go up from \$12 to \$13.30 before you're not even.

There's nothing planned. The first 100 will cost \$15, the second 100 will cost \$20. You're merely working off a potential profit: it is the cheaper stock against a loss in the stock expense. At \$13.34, you will have \$1334 on the first purchase and made \$1994 on the second.

You can perform this trick by buying any stock. The second purchase doesn't have to be AT&T. In fact, you don't have to be in the same stock at all—it should not be AT&T unless that is the best available buy. Why forsake what you think is better, surely he says, you already own it, aren't shaking a loose stick the way to recover loss?

Dollar averaging has the same flaw. It is the replacement of putting periodic payments into this about averaging. Early this year, for example, My Dollar Average buys \$100 of Delco's Wheelabrator at \$15 a share. That's \$1,500. A couple later, he again buys \$100 of Delco's, but at \$12.34, that's \$1,234.

This is like averaging down, but it is done in stated periods and with the promise that the lower the price goes, the more shares you buy. Again, why look a lower price, you think it is better, surely he says, you already own it, aren't shaking a loose stick the way to recover loss? This will compound your error if the stock continues to slide. Do be concerned, the averaging device is based on the incorrect statement that the stock cost less eventually. Both imply that because you already own a certain stock it is good for that reason alone to buy more. Applied to the purchase of a mutual fund, the principle of dollar averaging is not the same. First, the buyer intends to be buying the same fund every year and every year, but what is really doing is buying shares of a constantly changing portfolio of securities. What he gets differs month by month, though it may go under the same label. And the fund is not likely to escape its trapping down or dollar averaging. □

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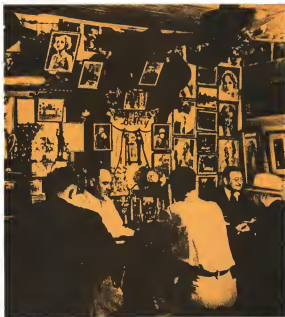
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HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

BY JON RUDDY



IT'S PROBABLE THAT, for every Canadian teenager who saw *The Error Game*, Don Owen's award-winning CBC-NFB movie about youthful alienation in Montreal, 10 saw *Wild In The Seventies*, a Hollywood periodical with a similar theme. Make that 20. Oh, make it 50. Young Canadians prefer U.S. media. There's nothing new about this observation, it has always been so. The point about *The Error Game*—critically acclaimed as the best fictional film Canada ever produced—is that it was itself a result of the U.S. media barrage. "The things that it deals with are things that are the preoccupation of the psychedelic generation," says Owen—and is not the psychedelic generation as American as LSD?

The influence of U.S. media on Canadian youth is enormous and inescapable. When Toronto Mayor William Denison was pelted with peanuts and apple cores by some of the 1,500 kiddie activists protesting a two-week school extension last June, he was the victim of U.S. campus disruption carried in a penny-dime cartoon. Vancouver hippies who demonstrate against the Vietnam war would not be concerned about it—nor would they be hippies—were it not for the shaggy dishevels approved by trouble and tolerance in the U.S.

In Toronto's Yorkville a 15-year-old renegade, having beguiled a cop on the ankle during a street disturbance, shrieked that he was "as bad as a Yankee pig." The 15-year-old had probably never seen an American cop in the flesh, and the derogatory "pig" was just another slang import—the vocabulary of dissent is purely American. So too are the vocabularies and ethos of drugs, psychedelia, sexual liberation. Teenagers who confetti to older codes are equally hooked on U.S. pop culture and its Canadian imitations, which acquire a certain glitz by association.

Broken dyon—, an American-International horror film, a Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsdays record, an edition of *Lamp-It*, a *Tiger* essay—what you young Canadians see, hear, read is mostly foreign. The carnivalesque media barrage across the border, considered on these pages, as an blinding as a klieg light on 10 paces and as deflating as a turned-on, turned-up Dylan.

Your first move! Get with the 'Canadian' music scene: it's as Yankee as Dylan and drive-ins

WITH WOODSTOCK, predictably, or so a second is retrospect, the great mid-August pop festival at Bethel, New York was followed two weeks later by a lesser Canadian pop festival at Grangeville, Ontario. A manager who attended both functions compared them in an interesting way. "Well, at Bethel (Woodstock) I thought I'd freaked out and gone back to Woodstock [Bethel]. It was the same scene. The Rockhill Park happening was a whole model with decent parking, police ignoring the pot, the house, the crowd-singing, I think would you have been so dumb a not to, hippie drug experts and volunteer doctors tending the midnight the great manifestation of flower-power values by middle-class kids who were well fed, probably by their mothers, the music. Ah, the music. Bethel was described by assorted instant historians as an epochal turning point for the young, as the flowering of a new art form and social structure, as a Second Coming of history. Woodhill demonstrates that, for most Canadian youth where U.S. teenagers go there, well they go also.

The music that brings them together—in farmers' fields, rocky discoloured and rocky-sucky meadows—is the key source of their values, a total immersion in their emotional truths. Earthly folk or electric rock it celebrates the turn-of-the-century down the whole ethos, separativeness, aggression. It is the parent status-quo of a new morality among young Americans reaching to affluence, so the poor and the blacks who foster and affluence, in a war in Asia. The music and its teenage hero have spread halfway around the world—and especially, of course, into Canada.

Dialogue with a 17-year-old Canadian boy. "We're not waging war on nobody, we haven't been waging. Here, we've got no Negro problem to speak of. What do you get out of those lyrics? I mean, what do you get out of it when the Jefferson Airplane says to you 'Gee a revolution got to revolution,' and talks about sitting in the streets and so on?" "Well I'm, you know, in sympathy with their problems down there. Things aren't all that great here. All of us all over, are doing something about it. That's what the music is for."

"What are you doing about it?" "This led got kicked out of class for having lost down, you know I'm here and there of it slipped down my front!" "Don't tell me the Jefferson Airplane says you've got to revolution over a stupid thing like that!" "It's all part of the same thing." "Folklore, folklore or pop, song lyrics have depended since the innocent days when Elvis crooned, 'Ah, well-behaved, yes-but, Ah, well-behaved, yes-but'—and nobody listened to anything but the best. Now they listen and what they hear is the Hello People

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Everybody knows about all that U.S. TV, but its effects are as imperdurable as the Bomb

A somewhat breakthrough for Canadian youth, television. We can look forward to more like it."

From an August CBC press release describing a deal with Sesame Games to distribute 125 editions of *The Tween Movie Show* in the U.S.

AFTER MORE than 15 years of supplanting almost all of its popular series from Hollywood and New York, Canadian television has a lock on the latest U.S. market. The price, of course, is conformity. For what is imperdurable Canadian about *The Tween Movie Show*, *The Friendly Giant* (our biggest TV export to date) or such CTV co-productions as a special, taped in Toronto, starring Bobbie Carr? "They are in to turn out the kind of shows that have international appeal," says a CBC producer, adding significantly, "For international one might read 'U.S.'"

Television, in this industry is the most potent purveyor of America's conventional wisdom. The message of the re-

(I'm going to prison as I can be free!)," Tim Burton ("I'm the family's answer boy") and Betty Santa-Maria ("I and brothers can't you see this is not the way to just an and to war"). What they hear in Canada is poured up by a typical weekly lot of our top-20 singles as *Rolling* magazine. The breakdown: U.S. records, 15; British, 3; Canadian, 2. That the major recordings, by Motelside and the Guess Who, are indistinguishable in style and content from the others is another indication of U.S. pop-culture power.

Sandra Thompson, 16, of Vancouver, has three transistor radios, which she tunes easily to KPLG in Bellingham, Washington. The same records turn up on Vancouver's CKLG, she says, but later she buys a couple of singles a week, an LP when she can afford it. "The more thought about a record being American or Canadian or English," she says, but the performer she mentions most are the Led Zeppelins (U.S.), Donovan (British), the Fifties Depression (U.S.) and the Archies (U.S.).

Usually a celebration of middle-class U.S. values—certain the basis in three ways: (1) their content of U.S. programs, still comprising more than 82 percent of Canadian TV schedules; (2) through direct purchase by the 25 U.S. border stations with antennas here, and (3) through absorption by our TV youth-wards-to-U.S. programming trends.

The effect on Canadian young people of all this direct and indirect penetration is as imperdurable as the Bomb. Some child psychologists fear this constant exposure to U.S. is a particularly Western form of brainwashing. It is established that the average subscriber has received more hours of instruction from television by the time he goes to kindergarten than he did in college—most of it U.S.-oriented. "No one has succeeded in making a nationalistic out of Captain Kangaroo," says Toronto housewife Barbara Holmes, who lets her preschooler watch *Ballade*, the CBC's most without concern. Mrs. Phil Scott, of St. Catharines, Ontario, is worried. "My kids watch an

HOW TO BECOME AN AMERICAN continued

every American series as they possibly can, and all they care about are cars, clothes and sex." But Karl Maiba, of Halifax, dreams that his four teenagers are much impressed by Remedy or Miami. "The streetwise wisdom is precisely what they reject," he says.

Rejection reaches its fullest flowering on university campuses — which have not, however, stopped the tide. Here the trend is to a kind of staggered wigout.

A night at the movies is just great — if you dig America talking to and of itself

SINCE HOLLYWOOD is not to reach a town as an acquiescent state of mind, it has gradually become any place where Americans can buy back in the '90s, when television was a novelty, it looked as though the whole motion-picture industry was going to slide into Santa Monica Bay instead, a cut off to wander the world, seeking low overhead. Last year of 145 film units to the Ontario Film Commission Board, 166 were based on American talent — but many of the remainder were also American, more so, Canadian feature films among the 588 totaled in.

The ratio stands up anywhere you look in Canada. At midnight, consider the films playing on a recent Saturday in Victoria: *West Side Story* (U.S.), *African Salsa* (U.S.), *The Gay Divorcée* (U.S.), *Oliver!* (British), *The Love Bug* (U.S.), *Goodbye, Columbus* (U.S.), *If* (British), *The Chiselmans* (U.S.). One theme was screening an 18-minute Canadian short: *A Drive in Wood*, made in Toronto. (A film buff who says this effort suggested that it should have been called *A Pledgee Nether's World*.)

Youth under 21 now comprises 50 percent of the Canadian movie audience. Something of the effect is shown in the U.S. film business, suggesting by the Victoria lineup. With the exception of *American Salsa*, an insignificantly titled indie-style movie by one American and, possibly, the star-crossed lovers of *West Side Story*, the U.S.-produced films are subjective self-appraisals, insider comments on a uniquely American society. Propaganda-imitations (*The Chiselmans*), big-budget comedy (*The Gay Divorcée*), other drama (*Goodbye, Columbus*), and a feature-length (*The Love Bug*) — have it American talking to and of itself. Absorbing Canadian young people strain their ears to listen.

Question: Why do you wish to study

"I watch everything that moves," says a UBC freshman. "I hate my eyes to read (Karl)" and redneck denance "I love what they turn in up!" News and public affairs, the early shows in which Canadian TV consistently shows, draw pseudo-sophisticated grime at the "pseudo sophistication" of Warner Teyrer and Patrick Wozniak.

According to the Television Bureau of Canada, the average Canadian adult

watches the tube daily for four hours and six minutes. Pamela Zerkow, 16, of Côte St. Luc, a Montreal suburb, is well behind, racking up a full three hours per evening. Monday through Friday. The fairly set, she says, is loved "much more frequently" to U.S. channels (CBS and NBC) than to Montreal CBC and CTV outlets. Why? She really doesn't know, especially since "the many of the programs lack any substance."

Paul Niverson, Steve McQueen, Sidney Poitier and John Wayne series that bring to him as much as to any but in Kansas. *The Great Escape* — that was a great movie. Steve McQueen rides that motorcycle (from a prison escape) right into Switzerland.

Frank's own escape vehicle is also a motorcycle. On it he usually gets in line on the driveway. Lying on his sleeping bag at the back of the lot, he has developed a considerable capacity with the U.S. and its problems. "I think of them as my problems, too. I don't feel narrow about it. I don't think movies push me toward being more interested in what's going on down there than up here. Everything in life is a movie, isn't it? But, I mean, the hippies — we have them, but just look around in Ottawa and you'll see them. I think the reasons for them are the same."

On his sleeping bag, in the dark, reflected white light, Frank Boudreau probably has never considered if one of the reasons for the hippies in Ottawa — and a lot of other youthful reactions — is film stuff. Film and the rest of the media.

Be grateful we've got the Mounties, friends: they're our only entrée to the comic books

"NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF AMERICA, MY FRIEND! FELLOW RANGER OF MOUNTAIN THAT MOUNTAIN!" — Paul in *Mounties*. One boy's reading mail is another boy's paperweight. For the Dad-my-son-is-a-boy-reading-magazine set, the set of ex-clubhouse pages is a thing, well. Comicbookers such as 16-year-old Tom Robb, of Toronto, find it funny. A buff from age six, Robb says he realized at about 14 that his favorite comic books were neither Canadian nor imported. "Until then I never thought about them being American. I guess I took them pretty seriously, then."

The last Canadian titles, *Average Kid*

Average Cowboy and *Wolves of the North* (about a werewolf who goes on killing the Indians) vanished in the '90s. Now the scene for Mike Gaudy, an aging (13) collector from Vancouver who finds them "rather strange mixes of U.S. plots or parody and irony." The only Canadian element in current comic books is an occasional, usually forgotten reference to Mounties getting their man. Of the adventure movies, most might have been plotted by a Mountie. This includes the stuff set at all. "If we had a Canadian industry, our critics would have to draw for the U.S. market anyway," says Tom Robb. "The Mounties" how would he J. Edgar Hoover? ▸



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"I can't remember reading a Canadian book," says a teenager who reads 400 books a year

A native son the book that most often protruded from the hip-top pockets of Canadian teenagers' New year was *The Catcher in the Rye*, J. D. Salinger's tale of a post-adolescent dropout in New York. Today's book-to-be-read-with-a-Soul On Ice, in which Eldridge Cleaver expresses his black rage at whitey injustice. Salinger's *Molloy* could conceivably have been a Canadian post-adolescent boy — Cleaver is thoroughly American.

The top sellers in the Canadian magazine market are, in order: *Mac* (Canadian), *Seventeen* (U.S.), *Mademoiselle* (U.S.) and, in third position, *Teen* and *Teen* (both U.S.). *Mac* (Canadian's) circulation is 130,000, compared circulation of the American top line, 154,000.

Close behind the teen periodicals are the curvilinear magazines that chart a kind of emotional electrocardiogram of Liz, Debbie, Mia, Jackie and, mostly, the Teddy Kennedys.

All of which is by way of demonstrating that the various print media read by young Canadians are predominantly — perhaps increasingly — American. The U.S. books, films and, especially, magazines. Yet Herbie, an Edmonton publisher and owner of western Canada's biggest book store, argues that teenagers are turning increasingly to Canadian authors as a result of new-found national pride and better books. One in four books Herbie sells is Canadian — hardly reason to wave the flag, but in 1956 the ratio was one in 52.

Canadian books will never be dominant. Herbie writes "We buy as much from the U.S. each year as it exports to all other countries combined."

School officials report that almost all history texts are now written for and by Canadians. On the other hand, a trend to teachers individually selecting texts has fragmented the market from discouraging Canadian publishers who rely on bulk sales.

Except for the very young, whose parents seem to favor French literature (C. S. Lewis, A. M. Little, Kenneth Grahame), Canadian youngsters look to the U.S. for most of their light reading from westerns and science fiction to the satiric slim magazines that northern Ford under boys' looks that the biggest-selling U.S. periodicals (slim magazines excepted) are aimed at the 18-year-old female mind

— that is, at 15-year-old girls. They buy them for fashion news, dating etiquette, romance fiction and the latest on their heroines and beauties. Americans all.

Typical of the latter genre is *Madame Secret*, which monthly sells 60,000 copies in Canada. Its coverlines for the October issue hit all: "Rox that destroys the happiness of ladies who wear white" (many Hollywood white weddings ended tragically in divorce); "Lucia affirms a marriage" (according to the former child-fear to Las Vegas); "Let to have another child" (her partial hysterectomy

Never mind trying to name Canada's only daily comic strip — have you noticed it's missing?

When the *Toronto Telegram* filled *The Gutter* a couple of months ago you heard no wailing and gnashing of teeth from young readers of the 10 Canadian papers that run the comic strip. Its death was, however, fairly regrettable. *The Gutter* was no *Pravda*, but it was the only syndicated daily strip turned out in Canada. Devised by the Tely Syndicate to score up and glamorize some Canadian talent at Continental time, it was broadened in late 1967 to deal with world figures — a predictable move to fend U.S. readers. With a few repeats for symmetrical symbolism the paper is thus joined by others choosing Bill Foye, an American resident in Toronto. The altered strip was carried by a pack of 30 U.S. papers but never managed to show a profit.

In dramatic last Canadian comic strip moments — by no means all of whom move their lips while reading — with what they wanted anyway: the Republican satire of *U.S. Affairs*, the homegrown boulevard of *Mary Worth*, *Tony and the Printer* versus the minutiae of *America at Home* and abroad. *Dr. Terry*, the all-American parodist, *Devil*, the all-American high-school boy. The U.S. is horrified.

"We'd like nothing better than to have a Canadian strip," says Frank Knapik, assistant manager of the *Toronto Star* Syndicate, the country's largest. "But what are you going to do? We can't tell

we didn't prevent an adoption, would it?" — "The terrible truth about Ted Kennedy's accident" (it was tragic).

I read those magazines, I mean, I like to know what's happening behind the scenes," says Sheila Frenburg, 14, of Hamilton.

Len Green, 17, an Ottawa student at Edouard's Strathcona Composite High School, speed-reads through 400 novels a year — so-fs, mysteries, best sellers. *Reader's Digest* condensed books. He isn't read reading a single Canadian book. "I like light reading," he says. "I might read a book on Canada's Indian problem if you gave it to me, but I'd never go out and buy it. I read for escape." Epitomized U.S. novels, he notes are more dynamically evocative than the Canadian product. "We're so close to the U.S., he says with a shrug. "What can we do about it anyway?"

Our readers that they should enjoy the sound of that. "Yes, as *Harper's* analogy was *Larry Brown*, which concerned a Canadian acting troublemaker and was dropped a year ago, leaving the *Star* with 16 U.S. strips no longer. Well, he'd been dropped, *Larry Brown* had not registered strongly in reader surveys. "Brown," says *Canadian Women* Brenda Goldstein, 15, "was a bit of a bore."

Danely Fisher, 16, an above-average student at Regina's Central Collegiate always reads the *Journal* first when he gets his hands on the *Leader-Post*. There are 18 of this, single papers and strips all U.S.-produced. Fisher gives *Pop* a zero — "I don't know what that political stuff is all about" — but reads almost everything else, saving *Days* until last. "He's got a lot of action and he's a pretty funny character."

Fisher says he hasn't noticed the political slant in such military strips as *Steve Canyon*, but he is conscious and appreciative of Al Capp's anti-bugle satire. "Bill talking about minutemen in the Burma, but it's slanting to happen here. Like Trudeau getting his ass kicked. I mean, I don't like the guy much, but I think Capp's right when he tells us that the minutemen often spoke for the majority. You get a lot from comics. For never have more than 200 million from *Reggie*, so I really get a lot." The question is, of course, a lot of what? □



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The most southerly part of Florida, Key West is like the last skip of a pebble across a pond, and is linked to the mainland by a series of bridges

I ROLL OUT OF BED on to cold tile and fleetingly drag on my solitary, dimmy leftie — will I ever remember to wash it out at night? — and search for the car keys. The beachside MGB spurts into action and the Florida sun pops up, equatorially. Already, at seven, heat seeps through the boarded windows of pale-painted bungalows and into spongy, tropical lawns, dew bubbles along to the slender stamens of the brilliant magenta hibiscus. As I zip along the coast road, the sea glimmers like a sheet of turquoise soap, sharking terns swoop around the moored fishing boats, hunting garbage. The town is yawning awake, shuttered doors lying open and little black children hop on bicycles, pedaling furiously to the milk shop. I stop in front of the Fourth Of July restaurant, which smells of burnt pork fat. "Dai dai! Cubano negro, por favor," I say. Then another stop down the street, at the Rodriguez bakery for a three-foot stick of doughy Cuban bread. Another Key West day begins.

I was in Florida with my boyfriend Ted because it was midwinter in Moon-rail. I was in Key West, Florida, because midwinter had followed us all the way down the east coast from New York to a chilly 62 degrees in Miami. The only solution was to keep driving until either the road or the winter gave up. As we approached the Florida Keys, after almost 2,000 miles and three days of frustrated driving, the temperature soared almost 10 degrees.

Ted and I had sufficient vacation time, expensive tastes and little money. We needed a place where we could spend the best part of a month; a place ▶

BY KEITHA McLEAN

Q&A: This island in Florida isn't sinking, yet still strong enough to erch the lines of beachhouses on stilts against the backdrop of a still, tropic sea.





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topping off apple pie...
In fondue...or sandwiched
with salami on fragrant
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THE ONTARIO MILK MARKETING BOARD

KEY WEST *continued*

that offered good beaches, clear sea, and good sniffs for spending; good food, cheap drinks, charming accommodation and interesting people — all for under \$350 each. And it had to be warm.

Driving to Florida had saved a good idea, we would save money traveling, we would see all of the Keys, and have a car in Key West while we were there.

What we hadn't realized is that Air Canada serves Florida during the winter season with four flights a day to Miami (two from Montreal, two from Toronto), and four flights a day to Tampa (one from Montreal, three from Toronto).

Regular return fare to Tampa from Montreal is \$168, from Toronto \$170. To Miami from Montreal it costs \$194 regular, with a 21-day minimum fare of \$168, from Toronto it's \$174 regular, minimum \$154. Miami is connected to Key West by a good bus service and two local airlines have daily flights. In Key West, we discovered restaurants available and reasonable, and rental-bicycles, an excellent and inexpensive way to see the island.

Like the last stop of a pebble across a pond, Key West, the southernmost point in the continental United States, has grown into the largest and most developed of the 25 Florida Keys. The island — like all the Keys — is connected to the mainland by a highway and a series of bridges. A four-mile bubble of tropical vegetation, surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, Key West is a modern amalgam of Bahamian, Cuban, Pre-Columbian and Miami Modern.

But when our complaining sports car spluttered down Roosevelt Blvd. into Key West on Christmas Eve, our interest wasn't uncharacteristic — we needed a place to stay at a price we could afford. We'd already spent \$90 of our combined vacation resources of \$300. Calculating that our return trip would cost the same \$90 (and holding an American Express card aside in case of emergency), we counted on a grand total of \$320 for the remainder of our three weeks in the sun.

Although the Christmas and New Year period is one of the peaks of the Key West tourist season (February-March-April is another), accommodation rates were reasonable. For the first couple of nights we stayed at a small chain motel, with beds, six Viceroy Avenue — and paid \$10 a night. Double-

room accommodations in the main guest house were eight dollars.

We drove east along the south coast of the island, past the historic East Martello Tower (one of two artillery emplacements built in 1825 as the island's main gun-protection, and now used as a museum), past the gleaming stretches of white sand — Rest Beach and George Southern Beach — past the sea wall jutting into Key Channel. The tourist accommodation we'd chosen from "clipping" to "rent."

Modern beach bungalows, directly private and surrounded with tropical flowering trees and shrubs, are set gradually away from the road on manicured lawns. They glow with every elegance and comfort. But they didn't fit our plan — or our budget. Because we planned (hoped) to fish for most of our food, we needed a kitchen. We also hoped for white beaches, clear sea and a sense of isolation. Finally, we found them on the southernmost side of the island in an "efficiency" — a sprawling beach house containing kitchen, dining and living rooms, bedrooms, bath and a large outdoor veranda. For \$75 a week Our "efficiency" was luxurious by Key West standards and could have comfortably accommodated six people. We gradually discovered many reasonably priced beach and parent houses, mostly clustered in the area southeast of ours, ranging from about \$35 to \$95 a week.

The Christmas-New Year crowd in Key West is, we were told, the liveliest of the year. There are the locals — those who live and work in Key West all year, and those who spend the summer in other parts of the U.S. or Canada and come to the Keys each winter to operate motels and guest houses. These are the regulars who own or lease houses on the island and have been coming for years to meet the same friends and go to the same parties. There are the "straggle" types, the families who usually stick to the larger motels and swim in the pools, who camp and take sightseeing tours.

And then there are the others — a group, we were soon to learn, that included us.

The "others" are the get-away-to-the-sun people. The dropouts. The runaway housewives. The writers. The students in search of the Keys. The hippies. The young dreamers who follow the sun and who need to earn enough money

*Three weeks to go and only
\$320 left — but we got a house, white
beaches, the sea, the sun and solitude*

In a sleepy little town such as Key West, the chief intention is watching one another and the best possible place for this is Southwestern Beach, at the foot of Remont Street. Southwestern Beach is the best place on the island for breakfast. The beach is the place where everybody checks in each morning. Mango or papaya juice, heavy Cuban coffee, toast with guava jelly. Or, if the night before promises a late wake-up, spicy smooth soup and a kaffir steak. Southwestern Beach is an ex-American in a Montreal sidewalk café. These games are set up at eight in the morning, conversation is as tedious as the continuing beach volleyball match. Friends are made, favors turned, deals signed. You don't rest more than a day of it in case something happens.

Life quickly evolves into a dreary routine. The days roll one into another, differentiated only by the fact of weather (sunny or cloudy) and by fishing (rod or spear, success or failure). A heavenly broadcast at the beach is usually followed by a sleep on the sand (followed by a swim, then by lunch, then a lunch-drowse by American beer and Key West moon-day sun) another sleep. Then fishing — but usually only if longer lanes it. Key West and the surrounding Keys are superb fishing grounds. South from Key Largo (the last Key in the chain) almost every island-connecting bridge has a fishing channel. The southernmost of the three of day, is crowded with anglers armed with long bamboo rods. We also noticed some surf fishing along the Keys, and one of the major sports is deep-sea angling in the golf for marlin, tarpon and even shark.

Fishing for me is more an experience than a sport. I rarely catch anything, and therefore avoid luxury and location. Florida Key fishing requires a beautiful May of the north. The Keys — Sugar Loaf, Middle Bank, Boca Chico and Stock Island — are riddled with reefs both by the army and usual used on the reef (and usually concerned on the map). These coral, devoted, mangrove mounds over thousands of deep clear waters, properly forming with sea porcupine, snapper, pompano. And even if the only bites you get are mangroves, just being there offers rewards enough: watching a historic Florida fisherman, watching the swamps, smelling the tanginess at you are warmed by the gentle moving air.

continued on page 77

DRAWING THE LINE AT FOOTBALL

Football is muscle and money—and the stuff that hurt is made of — as Jon McKee shows in this scoring play



KEY WEST from page 69

that drifts off the sea in the tropics as in no other place in the world, relaxing, untroubled in a complete silence proved only by the calls of exotic seagulls.

Moreover, our gear was made suited to Ontario lake trout than to the brilliantly colored tropical specimens, and our naive approach to success was the hooking of a translucent eight- or 10-pound red snapper. After a clumsy and beautiful battle, the fish got away, taking with it the line and half the rod.

Our real fishing success was out of water, armed only with masks, flippers and a primitive Supersnorkel-type (pair of long rods taped with a friend), we snorkeled enough in an afternoon's fishing to last us for weeks. Our usual diet was lobster, served with a chop, chilled, Californian white wine and hot Cuban bread. The lobster, not the familiar eastern Atlantic type, are small, soft-bodied Caribbean snappers. They are too pure to have edible claws, but their tails, either broiled or baked and dipped in melted butter, are delicious. An occasional variation was grilled sea perch and the last spot of our vacation was the opening of the snook.

A fighting game fish, the snook is difficult to catch even with the proper lure. One hapless snook peddler into rings where Ted had been waving a neck-long bottle with a sleepy tarpon under a net put off Southampton Beach. Ted, like a Tarpon, waded shore with the two-foot-long slice of wringing silver and on his spear. (We were then told that by catching a game fish out of season we were liable to a \$50 fine. To dispose of the evidence, our prize quickly became Steamed Snook with Cream Sauce.)

In addition to the fish, we survived on fruit, though I chafed at the shops. And because even lobster can become boring in chains, we explored the best eating places around town. The most-admired restaurants are the ones to avoid, as soon discovered. Our biggest mistake was a visit to "Lagni's, The Original Louisiana Restaurant." Lagni's mediocre food was rewarded only by his insistence, no matter what his customers' instructions, on serving local wine and forty-two wine.

We also tried, at great expense, such well-known places as Lagni's Lobster House and Tony's Fish Market (and were disappointed) before we learned, though our rapidly generous acquaintances on the beach, about the Fourth of July restaurant on White Street. This immediately became our favorite dining spot. Named in an impulsive patriotic gesture by the owner when he arrived in Key West from Manhattan with wife, four, three, junior, grandnephew and about 17 assorted children, the Fourth of July is

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KEY WEST continued

open seven days a week, serves beer by the pitcher and offers a fantastic Cuban menu, with a top price of about three dollars.

Cuban food, like most West Indian dishes, is overcooked, overminted and delicious. The Fourth Of July serves every dish with mounds of thick bread and rice, and crispy plantains (in English, "plantain") — a large member of the banana family, deep-fried from its outside (or left whole) followed by Cuban rice (a type of cream cornmeal) and heavily sugared coffee. For picnic lunches their foot-long "Cuba-ven" sandwiches are served only to the Cubanhergers from Jose's Cafeteria, at the corner of Duval and Truman. Probably the best restaurant in Key West is Le Mineral, small and French-Canadian owned. It has a white-clothed civility and it serves excellent food, good wine, and provides comfortable atmosphere at a reasonable price.

Entertainment depends on money. For the well-heeled there are charter cruises, sunset trips, nightclubs, such as they are, and evening trips into Miami. The beach crowd is forced to be more inventive. On cloudy afternoons we strolled down our dollar to see the sights: the house where Audubon stayed and worked on Whitehead Street, the exotic Peggy Mills botanical garden on Simonton Street, the Aquarium near Old Malibu

Square, the house where Hemingway wrote. We discovered the beach where the giant sea turtles are kept before slaughter, played pool in a tavern on Geiger Key, browsed through galleries filled with local art, and sat on the docks, watching house boats being unloaded.

For beach people, that is daytime entertainment. In the evening, we met people and drank beer at the new Sloppy Joe's. The original Sloppy Joe's, where the hangover used to hold court, has been sold and is now called Capt. Tony's.

Capt. Tony's is a big, sprawling complex, with a circular bar, open fireplace, and always-empty dance floor. Inside Capt. Tony (a name widely Macdonald Carey), his very young son, brand, assistant of non-movie barman, a lovely calypso band, and everybody in town who's enjoying (playwright Tennessee Williams was a regular). Whoever you meet at Southernmost Beach during the day, you see at Capt. Tony's at night. It is usually fun, conversational, occasionally pious (a dollar per drink) and lively.

Around the bars and little Key West clubs we met Jose and Herbie and Marvin and Bill, the friends who spent three weeks sipping on the beach, quizzing each other on minute detail about characters and events from *Gone With The Wind* ("All right, for five dollars, what was the name of Scarlett's maid?"). Big Re from Texas (the latest plates on his

Toronto road & O), Mark, the young dropout Academic from Baton Rouge, Motorcycle Bob, the fisherman from Monterey, California, who would stand for hours at the end of a pier, instead of on motorcycle boots and helmet, waiting for the fish to rise.

Ending our last week, we met the denizens, a group of colorful, hard-drinking layabouts who earn their weekend celebration money working the diving beach off the Florida coast. We planned to ship out on a shrimp boat to explore the Dry Tortugas and Marquesas, perhaps even to glimpse, if all the rumors were true, the fascinating world of black-market trade and trade into Cuba. But the weather turned squally and by the time the divers left a squally course we had packed up our sleeping bags, sunset beers and fishing gear, ready for our trip home.

Not knowing that we planned 180 would return to us, Canada and we would finish the trip with our credit card unused, not realizing we could not our trip under budget, we loaded our car with a "carnival kit" of 10-cent sandwiches, Key lime, mango juice and Cuban sandwiches.

That survival kit rotted in the bottom of the car until many days later when I cleaned it out in Montreal. It was a reminder of the best getaway vacation I have experienced. □

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dow operated 3-ton trailer, the dash or the rear gate and a side swinging tailgate.

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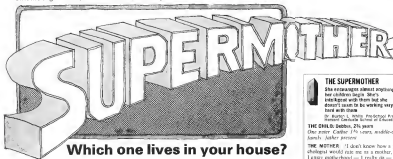
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Which one lives in your house?

BY HAL TENNANT

WHAT YOUR PRACTICES, CHILD DOES ALL DAY, the extent of time he spends on various activities can indicate how he is developing physically, mentally and socially. Over the past two and a half years child psychologists at Harvard University have been scientifically studying the mother-to-infant interaction of preschool children. Equipped with stopwatches and tape recorders, the researchers, from Harvard's Graduate School of Education, made regular visits to 24 carefully selected homes in the Boston area. In each household they observed and recorded the activities of one child. The research continues and some of the researchers is writing — at least not yet — to say exactly how the ideal child would spend his time. But if the Boston children are no average guide, here's how a "normal" child spends his day in descending order of time spent:

- ☐ "Giving information usually" (telling or telling from which he is presumably almost everything — a beating ball, a shirt of socks), 22 percent of the day
- ☐ "Giving information by both looking and listening" (watching TV, seeing how a workman is paid and paid), 16 percent
- ☐ "Non-verbally" (seeing, seeing into space), 15 percent
- ☐ "Non-verbally" (pretending to be something or something else), 14 percent
- ☐ "Mentally" (thinking to put on his shoes, when possible)
- ☐ "Cooperating" (doing what he is told, playing in with a group), 12 percent
- ☐ "Maintaining social contact" (following mother or trying to hold her attention), five percent

- ☐ "Eating," four percent
- ☐ "Preparing an object" (putting a toy, a hat or a cookie), three percent
- ☐ "Achieving social contact" (following mother, calling to her), two percent
- ☐ "Constructing a product" (looking with clay, making a block), two percent
- ☐ "Passing time" (unproductive activity such as tapping a pencil), two percent
- ☐ "Assessing himself," two percent
- ☐ "Giving directions" (pretending, playing, pointing), one percent

As a subsidiary project the Harvard researchers turned their attention to mothers. Here the aim was to see how the attitudes and habits of certain types of mothers affected the behavior of their children. Without attempting to match up all the other "variables" that obviously affect a child's activities (rate of home, size of family, parents' educational background, and so on), the researchers looked mothers they believed could be clearly classified as "super," "almost," "zookeeper" or "overwhelmed."

From this study the habits of mothers have pointed together a composite picture of each type of mother and her child. Not every mother belongs in one of these five categories. Other labels could describe other kinds of mothers (e.g., the "passive-repeating mother") and many mothers would rate as mixtures of several types. But many parents will recognize the mothers, or their wives, or their children in these pages.

THE SUPERMOTHER

She encourages about anything her children begin. She's intelligent with them but she doesn't seem to be working very hard with them.

By Susan L. Wells, Frederick Project, Harvard Graduate School of Education

THE CHILD: Debbie, 2½ years
One sister, Cathie, 1½ years, middle-class family, father present

THE MOTHER: "I don't know how a psychologist would rate me as a mother, but I enjoy motherhood — I really do — and I feel sorry for women who don't. Maybe I'm just lucky with the two children. I have because I had Debbie and Cathie pretty easy to raise. I'm sure a lot of children the same age cause their mothers problems. I don't have."

"The girls and I spend a lot of time together, but I don't have to stand over them all the time. They have their own little work table at one end of the kitchen, and I can usually keep an eye on them while I work at the other end, at sewing or baking. If I'm making something, Debbie may start making her own 'cookies' out of modeling clay. She's usually quite imaginative about creating projects of her own. I make a point of letting what she makes and I get her to tell me all about it."

"Both girls have pretty good imaginations. Debbie especially spends a lot of time pretending to be other people — characters from storybooks and so on — and Cathie specializes in being a truck driver's first baby."

"It would be too easy for me to say I treat my girls as adults. But we do have a certain 'well respect for one another' so that our conversations are interesting to me as well as to them. I find out a lot about what they're thinking, and they (I hope) learn things from me, though I try not to talk down to them. I just tell them things. I think they'll be interested to hear and if they don't seem to understand, I try saying that some other way."

"I don't believe in cramming kids full of information all day, but there are

times when children are obviously going to be bored unless they have something to do, such as when we're waiting to see the pediatrician. At times like that I find the waiting a lot more pleasant if we play some kind of game, such as reading many, my rhymes or telling a story. The girls remember and like. Sometimes we pretend to be different characters from their favorite stories."

"All in all, I don't have any special philosophy about child-rearing. I guess I get off to a good start by marrying men I'm very fond of. I think the girls respond to the affection we both feel for them though if somebody made me raise the person who means most of all to me, I'd have to say my husband."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "This mother is above average in the amount of interaction with her child, but there is also a balance between mother-initiated initiatives and child-initiated interaction. She is verbal and able to teach skillfully and encourage her child by use of control, control and feedback. She plays with reason and often provides alternatives. She values cognitive achievement and mastery (i.e., achievement based on what the child has personally learned)."

"On the other hand, the lady enjoys the child and is able to accept her at this moment in her development. She is able to meet the child's needs and understand her present behavior and goals. This mother encourages the child to play and often participates in the child's make-believe world — perhaps another manifestation of her ability to enjoy the child."

"The systematic observations we made of Debbie we found her surprisingly so that our observations are interesting to me as well as to them. I find out a lot about what they're thinking, and they (I hope) learn things from me, though I try not to talk down to them. I just tell them things. I think they'll be interested to hear and if they don't seem to understand, I try saying that some other way."

ing, and procuring objects) are both positive and worthwhile.

"All the child's time is filled, and there is no idle time spent on waiting. In short, the kind of mother who can serve as a useful model for others."

2 THE ALMOST MOTHER

This is the mother who almost raises her child but is somewhat and insecurely unable to meet his needs.

By E. S. Lofgren, Frederick Project, Harvard Graduate School of Education

THE CHILD: Wayne, 20 months
One sister, Linda, five years, lower-class family, father present

THE MOTHER: "My main concern is making sure both my children get the best possible start, first in home and later in school, but I'm not always sure I'm doing the right thing. Especially with Wayne. I believe a lot of things a mother should do with her child are just common sense or things she would do automatically. Beyond a certain point you can get stumped. I suppose all mothers feel this way at times but with Wayne I often have the uneasy feeling that were not understanding what he was doing. And then I wonder what I'm doing, why, after all, and how much should you expect from a 20-month-old boy?"

"My oldest has a child about Wayne's age, and the current no longer conversations with her child as far as it happens. I think Wayne and I don't do it. Wayne not learning as fast as he should, and if so, is that my fault? Or should you expect any girl to be more advanced than a boy in this age? I think Linda was 'I know of mothers who raise their children on other rigid schedules, and I think I'm wrong. You can make a robot out of a child that way. But I am sure that's wrong. I don't want to force Wayne to learn but I am sure for him to learn as much as he should."

"I will say we have fun trying. Often he'll want to sit on my lap, and often I'll reach for one of his pictures books and

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show him different things, naming them one by one. He doesn't always pick up these words right away, but I think he's gradually learning.

"I think it would be fair to say a lot of our home life revolves around Wayne and Linda — as it surely must in any home with small children — but I don't think you could say we're spoiling either of them. And I'm sure both children have no doubts in their minds that Frank and I love and want them both very much."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: This mother shares some of the characteristics of the Supermother, but there are significant differences. Here there is less mother-initiated interaction with the child, and she seems to lack the capacity for intellectual involvement. Unlike the Supermother, the mother

able (unwilling or don't have time to spend) in taking the child if she needs to him, her spontaneous comments may be, 'See the hill,' and, 'See the hill, whereas the Supremacist might ask, 'What's he going to do with the hill?' or, 'What will he do with the bottom of the hill?'

²According to our observer's records, the child spends 25 percent of his time exploring things, 19 percent at non-tasks (i.e., idleness), 14 percent gaining information, 10 percent at mastery tasks, plus small amounts of time remaining absent.

and reorganizing (mostly with his mother) in other words he's learning things on his own, but he's not interacting as much with other people as a child should. He's not doing any role-playing or using his imagination in other creative ways, and he's not learning many social skills."

3 THE SMOTHERING MOTHER
She's essentially an overbearing teacher, one who thinks school's always in session. A mother who's trying too hard.

She seems discontented with
where the divd is right now
She's very busy preparing him for
Harvard

THE CHILD: Baby, 2½ years
Only child, middle-class family, father
nurse

THE MOTHER: "I realize I'm not exactly an impartial judge of my own son, but I think Bobby is bright, very bright, and in my opinion it would be a crime not to train him to develop his potential. I've seen mothers slapjap dump a two-year-old out into a fenced yard for a whole morning. The child will explore the yard for a few minutes and learn something instantly, but then what's he learning for the next three and a half hours?"

"There's so much in this world for a young child to learn. Not just language and numbers and names for objects around him (although these are important of course), but sights and sounds and shapes and colors and abstract concepts of various kinds. It's natural for a child to learn most of these things from his mother, so Robby and I spend most of our day together."

"I've found books and other teaching aids for most subjects, and I've given a few on my own. That way the learning process goes on thoroughly and systematically, without Bobbly wasting time. I don't mean by that that he has no chance to rest; we usually have a nap by mid-afternoon, but proper rest is not the same thing as idleness."

Children love to learn, even during playtime, and Bobby and I sometimes make a game out of a lot of things he has to learn. Which is fine, as long as the fun doesn't degenerate into sarcasm.

Bobby responds to all this quiet well, most of the time, though it can always be ways for him to improve, and I try to hear down on those areas where he's weakest. For instance, he's a bit slow learning the names of objects he sees in his picture books, so during book time I go over each one of the familiar pictures with him and ask "What's that?" and "What's that?" and if he can't tell me we go over a several times until he gets it right. I always praise him, of course, when he does well, but I think he also understands he must keep trying hard each day because there's always something new to learn.

"I don't mind admitting I've deteriorated not to get pregnant for quite some time. One child seems like enough challenge if you're determined to do a really good job as a mother."

"People sometimes ask what sort of career I have in mind for Bobby, and I always point out that Ben is something

Arif will have to decide. But I hope he picks
love, or medicine."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "This mother is reactive and incredibly responsive to the child's needs and cues, so much so that he hardly has to express himself to make his needs known. This mother spends endless hours in infant activities. In contrast to the Supermother's, guidance, these sessions are characteristically playful rather than instructional."

Although statistics are not available on the activities of a child of a *Sensotherapist*, it seems obvious that a substantial part of such a child's day would be spent gaining information by visual and auditory means and working at tasks involving memory (e.g., of an educational type). Creative and social activities would likely rank far down the list.

The worst thing that could happen to the mother would be *abandonment* from her child. Yet it's being precipitated by her exercising all the control and not having fun with him.

THE OVERWHELMED MOTHER

She finds just living from day to day so overwhelming that she has almost no time for her child.

THE CHILD: Douglas, 39 months
One sister, *Sissy*, just turns four
Brother, *Ronald II*, Mark as *Donald*
You, *Audrey*, four, lower-class family.
Coke please.

THE MOTHER: "I had an awful time about how you should spend a lot of time playing with your toys and friends or helping them learn new things all the time. I thought, 'You don't know what you're doing.' You don't know whether you say kids like probably only got one or two and a big house in herself and a museum and all the latest appliances." He stopped while it was doing every time one of my six kids let out a squeal. "I'll never catch a rat! But about every day I have a bag-bunch of wash— sometimes two batches— and then of course those are nests to get and floors to scrub and so on. And every Friday when the welfare check comes, they go to the bank and sleep. One I usually leave all the bathhouse with one of the girls sits at church."

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(i.e., readily reacting to his siblings or his mother) and about nine percent asserting himself and acting.

"His other activities, in order of frequency, are 'to-operate' (i.e., doing what he's told), about six percent, giving information—usual and solitary—about six percent, procuring objects (mostly playthings), five percent, and giving attention, first percent. He isn't a child who's living a fairly seasonal, nonreactive existence."

THE ZOOKEEPER MOTHER

She tends to be middle-to upper-middle-class. She has a highly organized household routine, and the child will be startled if he had with second event of his time alone.

THE CHILD: Bruce, 20 months. One brother, James. Just one sister, Susan, age, upper-middle-class family, father present.

THE MOTHER: "I think a lot of mothers who bear similarities about their work load are women who are simply badly organized. Admittedly, I have a cleaning woman in every day, and I realize some families can't afford this kind of help, but even without help I'm sure I could keep things running pretty smoothly."

"The secret is to have a proper schedule. After breakfast, as soon as George leaves for the office—usually about eight—I get Bruce into his crib, and he naps or plays there for two hours. This is his room, and nobody else is allowed in. At six o'clock he's moved into the playroom, where he plays with toys, sometimes with James and Susan. He keeps things running pretty smoothly."

"The playroom is a big bright room and it's equipped with everything any three children could want—mechanical toys, games, puzzles, educational toys, balls, hoops and even a secure Bruce knows it."

"I make a real point of being home to eat lunch with the children at least twice a week. After lunch, Bruce goes back into his crib for two hours, and Jimmy plays outdoors if the weather's good. I keep the two boys separated a lot because Jimmy tends to be a bit mean to his younger brother sometimes, it's a stage he's going through."

At three o'clock Bruce plays in the

playroom again, with daughter. Such, my clothing woman, knows this routine as well as I do, and she's very good about sticking to it if I'm away for the day.

"So I don't see any reason why a mother should feel tied down to be with children all day. I play twice a week through the summer and I even a lot in the winter. I sit on weekends when George and I can get away. I play bridge once a week and am active in two community organizations. I think I owe it to myself and my family to keep active and interested in things outside the home. And certainly my sports activities help me keep my shape."

"I'm looking forward to the day when Jimmy and Bruce—and Susan, for that matter—are old enough for a game of tennis with me. But I'm sure if I didn't organize our household I'd be old long before my time."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "This mother is very initiative in a nonpunitive way. Her lack of involvement with the child (i.e., 20-month-old Bruce) appears to mean that a value system that is adult-oriented. The child has been seen to devalue his time in the following ways: money takes (i.e., learning to work a toy), 22 percent, gaining information usually (looking at things or people), 21 percent, non-events (15 percent), 21 percent, exploring, 15 percent, playing time, six percent, many discomfort (scratching, crying after being hit by his brother), six percent, avoiding unpleasant associations (i.e., wandering off his brother), four percent, asserting himself (two percent). In other words, most of his time is spent in non-event activities, and his few social activities are negative. So you can see this child moving toward quite adequate development, intelligently, in those areas that don't demand language that he is being subjected to a product kind of social life, just like his brother who is seriously disturbed. Sometimes, while observing the two boys, we find ourselves in an awkward position. Since we are in the home, as observers, with the mother's permission, we sometimes watch the four-year-old come forward, kneading a toy, with his hand in his eyes, and doesn't say a word he's going to hurt his younger brother. Even then, we feel obliged to wait until the last minute before we say it."

"We had more than 11 years of kids underfoot and I'm only 23. I don't know if it would have been any different if I'd worked a while and got married later when I was, say, 22."

"Even getting a plate with one or two main bedrooms might be a lot better, instead of seven of us living in three first rooms. There were eight of us until last winter, of course, when Clay walked out. I don't know if I want him back or not. I must have a man around the house, but Clay never brought home all that much money from the mill, and this way it's at least more peaceful."

"Like it's pretty peaceful in here right now because it's a nice day and the kids are playing on the street or over at the auto mechanic's. But, hey, you ought to hear it when it's raining or like in the winter. Sometimes the kids never sleep in sleep fighting and yelling. I yell at them a lot, too, and I guess I shouldn't. But how else can you make a kid hear you when two or three of his brothers and sisters are all yelling at once and the watching machine and the television are going flat?"

"One thing about little Dwayne, though, he doesn't pester me all the time like the some of the others used to at the same age. He plays with his brothers and sister more, and I think that's good for him. And it gives me a better chance to get my work done."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: "The age of this mother's family and the age of her six children—namely the family's welfare-level income and the absence of the father—already have a great deal to do with her problems and attitudes in a mother. And these in turn are reflected in her relationship to the child."

"This mother manages little interaction with the child. Any attempts he may make at communication beyond the absolutely necessary are short-lived. She tends not to reward good behavior on his part or to involve him emotionally. She seems to give evidence of enjoying the child but is only minimally able to interpret the child's needs and understand his cues. Our observations show that this child spends 33 percent of his time 'gaining information'—visual (i.e., just looking at people and things) and 14 percent of 'behavioral' (i.e., doing nothing) about 16 percent maintaining social contact



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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 45

More polite puns from wild fur-bearing animals are taken in *Monte Carlo* than any other.

The New Brunswick Museum, in Saint John, NB, is the oldest in Canada. BC is the only Canadian province to produce spruce, larch, hemlock, and larch.

As every Canadian who has ever struck a light knows, these magical illuminations are from the "Keweenaw Series" series on the back of the Eddy Match Company's pocket-size boxes. And very enlightening they are, too. However, there is a tendency on the part of the Eddy researchers to concentrate on the obvious. Surely the fact that BC abounds in spruce, larch, hemlock, and larch is no surprise as the words of O Canada. We think Eddy would be performing a greater service by printing enlightening facts about Canada that are really obscure. Did you know, for instance, that if all the ice that forms on the Great Lakes in February were shipped into cubes there would be enough to serve two something-on-the-rocks to every Chinese over 21? Readers are asked to provide similar little-known examples of Canadianism, remembering the judges will be looking for witty stuff rather than accurate wheat statistics. Remember also that entries should be brief enough to squeeze in to the back of a matchbox. Address: Contest No. 45, McEwen's, 421 University Ave., Toronto M5G 1S1. Last Deadline: November 21.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 42

After *Hotel* and *Alimony* what? Readers were asked to provide the one-word title and a 100-word outline of the plot of Arthur Hailey's next novel. There were a large number of entries, none that half from budding novelists who took the contest perfectly seriously. Some of the entries for such titles as *Compass*, *Disputed* and *Taxi* had the intricate convolutions of a true Hailey plot. However, it occurred to Mr. Hailey, who is in fact currently engaged on a novel about the car industry (title as yet unknown), that some reader might recently accompany a famous Hailey theme and thus create problems of copyright. We would like to make it clear that some of the serious entries have been or ever will be used by Mr. Hailey. Meanwhile, we doubt that the contest has any intention of interfering the future documentary suggested by these winners. First prize of \$25 goes to Elizabeth Emmott of London, Alberta, who regrets that she didn't have the space to outline the 10

whirlpools for her eye, which is entitled

ELEVATOR

During a gross elevator in western Canada run by a father, his daughter and her friend. During the story, several questions arise:

1. Is the father cheating on his fiancée with the girl from another elevator?
2. Has the daughter been seduced by the salesman who delivers milk into the glass bowl?
3. What about the person who brings to hundreds of barrels of wheat but doesn't own a farm?
4. Will the horrible crime in the bath be just be exposed by the salesman (see Questions 2) and his assistant?
5. Will lightning strike the elevator?

The winners spell themselves:

1. No
2. Probably not
3. He's employed by someone who does own a farm
4. No. If they reveal him, he'll reveal them
5. Yes but it has a lightning rod

And prize of \$25 for each of these:

CLOSTER

The obscurest unknown location of St. Catherine's Ministry are situated to the leading point where 100 pilgrims arrive in chartered buses. Brother Kenneth O'Donnell, a tough disciplined dynamo of monastic efficiency grapples with the cruel irony the clock, meanwhile lighting desperately to black the takeover bid of multinational land developer Rind von Goll who plans to build a 65 story apartment tower in the monastery garden. When the pilgrims lodge their candles the crowded chapel catches fire. But Kain's own prayers avert total tragedy — and win him the love of the austere-haired Sister Agnes of the nearby Ursuline convent. JOHN MATHIAS TORRETO

LAUNDERMATS

Laundromat operator Alice Bell reflects on problems associated with business, especially those caused by disaffected youth who use his B2 Klean as a refuge from the cold. Nearby Cathedral Shoppie with religious supplies is frank, particularly in luck. Pornography focused on saint widow operator by cell landlord who owns Bell's building as well. Hopes hold closure at B2 Klean — all made because clothes in washer. Widow is unwilling witness. Frank is shocked and seduced by A Bell. Bell purchases a second series series of evictions. Apocalyptic fire destroys Cathedral Shoppie and land lord Widow marries Bell and reopens religious supplies store beside laundromat. Christianity or not to politicians. SHIRLEY HARTWELL, MISS-40, GAT [3]

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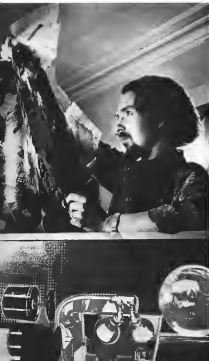
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CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW



The artist who makes masterpieces with an office copying machine

Wayne Eastcott, a 26-year-old Vancouver artist, has created a new art form using, of all unlikely things, the office copying machine. The result from his technique — which he calls *Kloneography* or *Electrostatic Art* — have brought Eastcott a Canada Council grant, approximately \$4,000 worth of equipment from Xerox and recognition in a recent international graphics show in Toronto's Pollock Gallery. Eastcott is the only Canadian chosen to be displayed beside such masters of graphics as Dine and Lichtenstein from the U.S. "Few Canadian artists can match Wayne's inspiration and diversity in the art of making prints," says gallery-owner Pollock. "He has been able to combine Pop and Op imagery to make a very personal statement."

Eastcott came across his technique by accident while working with the Xerox process in film animation. He saw its possibilities for fine art and began using static electricity to make master copies for the Xerox machine. The masters are then etched on either silk-screen or lithograph.

His early development was influenced by the vivid colors of western artists Roy Kiyooka and Jack Shaudler. "They taught me to make color work and to see a work of art as a total object," says Eastcott.

A compulsive collector of cars, toys and comic books, Eastcott has few preoccupations of how his work will turn out. "I let the art write me. It became interested in something and follow it along."

Most of all, he is impressed and influenced by the technology of the age and regrets that art schools often don't share his enthusiasm. "Too many kids," he says, "come out of school thinking the only great thing that ever happened in art was the Renaissance."

The social worker who's trying to put her husband out of business

During the past year, some 400 runaway Toronto teenagers have found a home away from home in the most unlikely of places — an abandoned firehall run by the wife of the governor of Toronto's Don Jail, Mrs. Patricia Wheathead, an ex-policewoman and a feminist and grey-haired lady in her late 40s, hardly looks the part of the founder, director and inspirational force of Project Ossington, a combination hostel and youth haven in a rundown section of the city.

"Sure, I'm a complete square," she cheerfully admits. "and I'm part of the Establishment. If I weren't, we probably wouldn't get the grants that keep us going. But the kids who come here don't see how square or Establishment I am. All they recognize is that I care about them."

Mrs. Wheathead, who has no children of her own, was convinced teenagers needed a refuge from the loneliness of the big city. She enlisted other amateur helpers — police, law students, housewives, office workers, nuns — and took over an abandoned firehall on Toronto's Ossington Avenue.

The project soon drew its reputation of 24 hours. Some came with serious emotional and drug problems, most came simply because they had left home and were lonely and scared. Though there's a nurse on duty almost constantly and two psychiatrists, a doctor and a dentist on call, most of the "threeps" a remarkably sane kids talk — talk to the 30 volunteer helpers talk to each other. "When they get here," says Mrs. Wheathead, "they're confused and mad. They're usually talk about the double standard they see in adult life, about people who say one thing, do another."

Both boys and girls share Project Ossington's fifty rooms and whatever needs. If they can afford it, they pay \$15 a week for expenses. She says there have been no sexual incidents.

Though the emphatically claves there are no experts in the field of understanding young people today, Mrs. Wheathead's experience has led her to a theory. "I believe in discipline, not permissiveness. When kids come to us, they need order and discipline, not freedom and chaos."



The fighter who needs 20 wins to 'graduate'

As some readers in the fight game will tell you, the man to watch is Clyde Gray, a 22-year-old welter-weight from Toronto. In 13 straight professional fights, Clyde has yet to be beaten. As an amateur he fought 32 bouts, won 32. In his September bout, he suffered a Ring magazine named Gray to welterweight (115 to 147 pounds) Prospect of the Month. All of which makes manager Liv Upperman confident of Gray's future worth.

"I bought his contract for \$1,000 now I wouldn't sell it for \$50,000."

Mention of such big money is still a new experience to Clyde, who comes from a family of seven brothers and four sisters trying to make ends meet in Halifax. As a teenager, Gray began to work out in the gym with his older brother Stuart, who recently lost his attempt to win the Canadian middleweight title. Realization, took Clyde to Toronto, where he continued to box between his job of truck driving and playing loud guitar for a rhythm-and-blues band, The Shocks.

Back along the lines of Sugar Ray Robinson, Gray uses a good left hook and a long reach to build his success. "Most of the fighters in my weight are short and stocky," he explains. "They're used for me to fight because they plot in. I like to stay back and work for them."

Upperman, whose only other fighter is Canadian heavyweight champ George Chuvalo, could soon be dispensing the welterweight champion as well. The titleholder, Joey Dunne, must defend his title by the end of the year and City is the natural contender.

Manager Upperman is in no hurry. "So far," he explains, "we've been proving Clyde's experience against all kinds of fighters. Once he has 20 professional fights under his belt, you can consider him a graduate. Then we make the move for the top."

This maestro of glassblowing won't 'blow' Canada for \$20,000

Los Angeles, some 40 master glassblowers from Europe, North America and Japan met in Albany, New York, in a week-long competition for the North American Championship in the fine art of glassblowing. The winner Wolfgang Eberhart, an outstanding 45-year-old from Windsor, Ontario, who also works at the university. The master is bringing his son along slowly. "You can do simple things in glass after two or three weeks but it takes about eight years to become a master glassblower," explains Eberhart. "Harkel" is not yet ready.



Became a piece such as his prize winning, full blown some 150 hours to make. Eberhart is content with selling his work. An American bid of \$4,500 failed to get the bowl in the photo above. Last year, there were 15 of his pieces (hand blown) on exhibition in Ontario. The sale, would come about eight years' work. Eberhart went into hospital for a week to recover from the shock.

For all its artistic overtones, glassblowing is a business. The growing demand for fine laboratory equipment has led universities and industry alike to trade each other for talent. There are only about 45 scientific glassblowers in Canada and Eberhart has reportedly declined some of more than \$10,000 a year to leave Windsor for universities in the States. "People have told me I'm stupid for not taking them up on money like that," he says, "but money doesn't mean that much to me. I practically grew up with the university. Besides, what do you need out of life? As long as I can eat, drink, love my girlfriend and the dog, what more can I ask for?" □



Above: Claire Haddad of Toronto, one of Canada's pioneers in the art of creating glamorous clothes, features this romantic cotton in her winter line. It evokes all sorts of Haddad elegance: it's casual, elegant and very practical. Cost: \$60. Ring: Jane Eva Skolnik & Co.

Above right: The Grecian Look will continue to get stronger, according to Mrs. Haddad. Her abbreviated version indicates why it's a special favorite with men. Cost: \$60. Ring: Avon Jewelry.

Left: All of Claire Haddad's designs looked just right in the charming village in Sicily, a cosmopolitan resort town in Portugal. But none was quite as appropriate as this one in a Moroccan-influenced gown. Tunes and trousers, \$100.

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHED IN PORTUGAL BY SIBRYLY ROCKETT
Model dress in Portugal by TAP



The new bedside manner

The owner of a fashionable lingerie boutique told me recently: "Last Christmas I sold lots of sexy negligees to men for their wives. I know they men for seven when they were married the week after with such comments as, 'I can't possibly wear this sort of thing.' Depressing? It is for those well-meaning husbands. But the time is just about upon us when the same husbands will agree after looking longingly atling negligees and wishing their wives would wear them. Well, it's really not going to be all that depressing this year because the glamour industry is expanding in Canada, and many women are taking to romantic clothes.

One of the key people in shaking all Canadian women out of their lethargy over nighttime glamour is Claire Haddad. This party girl who has been fighting the dowdy-woman syndrome for years. She begins as a designer with

her father's firm J. M. Bardwell and took command by its then-dominant line. Eventually she launched out on her own and moved to the attack when she opened her own sleep-lounge manufacturing company in 1964.

Since then she's won many prizes, including the first Coty Award presented to a Canadian. Her volume of business has expanded every year and about 20 percent of her total output now is exported.

Claire believes completely in the kind of clothes she designs. They reflect her own philosophy that clothes must be sensual and feminine but completely practical. "The always beloved" she says, "that glamour's place is eternally at home." □

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TEXAS GULF from page 30

Court had named Gilmour sole beneficiary of the estate of his wife, Mrs. Mary Hendrix, whose property Texas Gulf had acquired. What, it really meant, was that Gilmour and his heirs would get 10 percent of the gross profits of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co.'s Kidd Township production. It would mean for Gilmour an annual income of up to \$10 million.

At the drill site, inside the warmth of an oil-burning stove and with a bucket of water set between his legs, Durkin gave a systematic visual inspection of the core. The core, lying in rows of line in 10-inch cardboard boxes, was oriented with mud. He submerged each piece in the water bucket to remove the mud, examined it with a hand lens, and replaced it in the box, making sure it was properly labeled. His first stratist at a small notebook wrote:

"2 ft — sand boulders
24 ft — greenish blue
8 ft — 1/4 in. (sugar)
10 ft — more oil"

The next two feet indicated 10 percent sugar by weight, and the next 28 feet appeared to be even higher grade. Further down the core, at depths just past 100 feet, Durkin ran into evidence of rock ore.

It was dark and some by the time he had finished logging the core drifted to that time. During the following two days, drilling had been completed to a depth of 665 feet. The bit cut eight feet past the end of the conductor, which just happened to be almost on the boundary of the property that lay to the west. Durkin could hear the chatter of the drills and, although he doesn't speak French, he could sense their excitement. He made his way on foot toward the loop. He walked, and where possible ran, along the path. He stumbled through puddles and ponds, his feet were soaked but it was of no consequence. Despite the darkness, he was back at the loop within 30 minutes. In daylight the hole took at least an hour.

At the Bon Air Motel, Durkin placed a call to Holys, the chief geologist, at his home in Stamford, Connecticut. Holys said he would desert for Texas as early as possible the next day. Holys in turn called Richard D. Mollison, Texas Gulf's exploration manager, and Mollison called Charles A. Fogarty, then Senior Vice-President. At the end of this series of conversations it was after 10 p.m. and Fogarty made the decision to move President Claude Stephens from his bed with the news.

In the breakfast hall later in the U.S. Court of Appeals in the *Seaboard* and *Kidder* cases, *Continental* against *Texas Gulf Sulphur Co.* it was noted that prior to November 11, 1963, *Fogarty* owned

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TEXAS GULF continued

505 shares. McElroy owned 50. Clayton 250. Earl Thompson (as attorney for Texas Gulf) 30.

Darke did not return to the property on Monday, November 11, but waited for Holyk's arrival later that day. Holyk recalled the visit to be as follows:

"I flew to Tinsman on Monday, November 11, and visited the property on November 12 and logged approximately 600 feet of core with Darke keeping the records. I drilled off 2,840 feet from the road on the eastern boundary of the lot in order to determine the approximate location of the western boundary of the Royal Trust lot, and was alarmed that the actual boundary was several hundred feet to the west of where Darke had initially pointed it."

Thereafter, on November 12, 1963, Fogarty, having information concerning the results of Texas Gulf's drilling on the western portion, which was not generally known by the investing public, purchased 300 shares of Texas Gulf stock at \$17 1/2 per share on the New York Stock Exchange without telling the other what he knew.

Holyk and Darke plotted their next moves. Through Gervais, they issued instructions to the drillers that any outside discussions about drill operations were forbidden. It was proposed, and accepted by all in the week, that the drive would resume on the property at least until Christmas. Their bonus was to be full payment, \$1 75 an hour, for a full 12-hour shift every day, even during periods when the drill was not operating.

The next move was the construction of hole Kidd 55-1 and the transfer of the rig to a doozy location. The drill was dismantled and the wooden shaft that supported the rig on the muddy surface was moved to near the northeast boundary, the farthest possible spot from the hole.

There were other considerations: one of International Nickel Company's aerial survey planes had flown directly overhead while Kidd 55-1 was being drilled, and a helicopter belonging to McIntyre, Porcupine Mines Ltd., used to supply and co-ordinate the pulpwood operations of McIntyre, had been in the area. The McIntyre closer was irritated by an acquaintance of Darke's, a man known for his perceptiveness in looking and tracing the activities of ground-explosion projects.

To have drilled a second hole near Kidd 55-1 might have led to an actual observer to consider that Texas Gulf was putting a second drill probe into the same anomaly... a sure sign they were on to something. Darke and Holyk wanted to make it appear from the sky that

the rig was still operating at the same site. Therefore, the second drill site was located in a similar surrounding of trees and brush. The three sites were plotted in the same juxtaposition to each other, and to the rig. Darke instructed Gervais to burn or bury all wood, paper and oil or refuse that had collected around the first drill site. He placed a small fire in the cement collar of the drill casing and others throughout the site of the first drill hole. Five blazes were scattered over the tractor tracks. Two days later came the first snow of winter, the best possible disguise. The entire area was insulated in white for the next five months.

On Wednesday, November 13, McElroy and Fogarty arrived in Tinsman. Early the next day, accompanied by Darke and Holyk, they visited the property.

That night, Fogarty, McElroy and Holyk returned to New York.

On November 15, 1963, Fogarty purchased 700 shares of Texas Gulf at \$17 1/2-\$17 3/4 a share on the New York Stock Exchange, McElroy purchased 100 shares at \$17 1/2. Clayton purchased 200 at \$17 1/2.

The following Sunday, Darke brought back to the camp two bottles of V.D. whiskey and 24 bottles of beer as compensation to the crew for being stuck in the bush. That day, with the authority of Engineering Manager McElroy, he also bought a \$250 bonus cheque to Edgar Anghelut.

On November 19, Fogarty bought 500 shares of Texas Gulf at \$18 1/2.

After discussion on general plans with Holyk and McElroy, Darke prepared the location of the second drill hole, knowing first if it would have enough workable rock. It would involve several scoopers, and it would provide lengths of boron core that could be left in full view on the chance a prospector or seismologist or pulpwood worker happened by. Drill Hole No. 2... Kidd 55-2... was started November 20.

On November 26, 1963, Fogarty purchased 350 shares of Texas Gulf at \$17 1/2 a share and on November 29 Holyk's wife bought 50 shares at \$18 per share.

Edgar Anghelut was engaged to split the core from K 55-1 into veneer-sized lengths. Half of the core was kept in Tinsman, the other half sent to Salt Lake City for chemical tests that would confirm, in more precise terms, Darke's and Holyk's visual assays.

By November 30, 1963, Kidd 55-2 was completed with predictable results continued on page 58

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TEXAS GULF continued

The first priority of Texas Gulf, one that even took precedence over the father-son investigation of Kidd 55, was the accumulation of land and mineral rights in the surrounding area. It was not very long before acquiring land that might contain some geological extension of the Kidd 55 anomaly, there was the matter of ensuring that there would be possible access to roads and a site for potential operations. It is in fact Texas Gulf that found a controversial anomaly. To have announced the results of Kidd 55-1 immediately would have brought mining companies and speculators flooding to the area in a contest for land that would have been prearranged. But the geologist, and Clayton, the geophysicist, were assigned to monitor the desirable land. Where land was open for staking under the Ontario Mining Act, they were to proceed by staking, where it was particularly difficult to acquire other than Texas Gulf officials, who were to carry on private negotiations for the acquisition of mineral rights.

While much of the land around Timmins was patented land, staking on the wide expanse by Texas Gulf could require the activity of a large number of people in the field. (By the time the land acquisition program was completed four months later, the company had laid out 56,000 acres.) Negotiations to hire staking teams were by necessity delicate. It would have been desirable to keep each two-man team ignorant of the activities of the others, but of course that was impossible. Among those recruited by Durkin were Angellotti and some of his cronies who had helped with the licensing claims on Kidd 55.

Mining claims may be staked by anyone over 18 who pays five dollars to hold a miner's claim, but a licensee must stake more than 15 acres in any one year (April 1 to March 31) in each of the province's 14 mining divisions. There was no need in Texas Gulf's case for several weeks of staking. Clayton and Angellotti, and others, and staking agencies on each of four-and-a-half-acre plots at their former boundaries must be marked, either by a trail blazed through the bush, or by markers or mounds of earth placed at given intervals. Claims staked frequently and their boundaries by using aerial photographs that making method hard because of ignorance when a team of stakers working under Edgar Angellotti improperly staked four claims and were ordered to forfeit them. The claims later fell into the hands of Windfall Oil and Mines Ltd. and subsequently became the subject of Canada's greatest mining scandal.

To ascertain which land was open for staking, Durkin had to get copies of

township maps from the government mining-records office in Timmins. He was a frequent visitor there, but it had been his custom to pick up only one or perhaps two maps of the township he was working in. The mining recorder, a slender elderly man named Chris Egan, thought it necessary to meet Durkin by maintaining an inventory of three maps per township. Durkin needed more than this for his staking program. As casually as possible, he began ordering more maps to escape suspicion, he had Angellotti order further maps. Later, Durkin asked Nedo Bragagnolo to pick up maps for him. Bragagnolo, a young Italian-Canadian who had formerly worked in the mines but quickly tired of working underground, occupied the office on Pine Street next to Durkin's Bragagnolo, too, was to become a discovery as a result of the Texas Gulf delinquency; he is a shrewd man, and it seems likely in retrospect that his first hint of Durkin's clandestine activities was that Durkin asked to pick up maps at the mining-records office down the street.

In early December 1963, Durkin's activity pressures began to fade. The deal on Kidd 55-1 was accompanied by helicopter from the property to Timmins airport, where it was loaded on to a plane. Its destination was an army office in Salt Lake City.

In the Toronto Court bar of Timmins main hotel, the Empire, the negotiator on these helicopter flights remarked on the great volume of ore that was being flown out of Kidd Township. The Empire Hotel bar is the clearing house in Timmins for all mining transactions. The following night, Doug Boninger, later recalled his own suspicion about the case. On one occasion in early December he had been seen with the case. "They were packed in cardboard boxes, wrapped in tarp, covered with heavy sheets and bound with wire," Boninger said. "If I could have had just one look at the case, I'd be a millionaire today."

On December 11, Bobbi's wife Angela took shares of Texas Gulf at \$25.37.

When a reporter from Toronto's *Globe and Mail* phoned Timmins Mayor Leo Del Villano to ask about the rumor that TGS was flying the drill core to the U.S. for assay in the interest of secrecy, the mayor replied that this would be against the law, because cores had to be kept on the property.

It was necessary in the vicinity of the mining properties in Timmins that even the foothold of shipping the core as far as Salt Lake City failed to prevent some of the assays from leaking out. Durkin was telephoned one day by an ex-miner, who began the conversation: "Ken, do you know how much sil-

ver was in that assay?" Bobbi went on to tell Durkin that the core had returned silver values higher than those previous.

Somehow later, Durkin was accused by Mel McCormick, a brokerage salesman who had recently been hired by the Timmins branch of one of Canada's largest stockbrokers, Doherty, Rindhouse and McCung Brothers, McCormick proceeded to report to Durkin the silver assay that Bobbi had reported over the telephone. Bobbi, trying to hide his shock and anger, pretended to reproach McCormick for his ignorance of mining-plotting practices. He told the young salesman that the assay had in fact been reported to him on a telephone call from New York, but he went on to explain the practice of using companies to assign code names for the transmission of information.

"These figures," said Durkin, "refer to burst points in worthless material commonly found in the Timmins area." He further suggested to McCormick that he would sue for compensation about losing charges against anyone overstepping on his telephone. Durkin didn't take any such action, however.

He called Bobbi and said, "Well, no more telephone talk." Bobbi immediately understood, and the two men agreed they would in future exchange all information in writing.

Around Christmas time, strong rumors began circulating in Timmins that Texas Gulf had a major racial feud. The extraordinarily high money of 10 percent metal was (implicitly mentioned) Durkin was telephoned by W. R. Raw, the president of Kerr Addison Mines Ltd., a major producer of gold and other metals. Raw made a laughing reference to the rumors of a racial feud, and asked if he could send an emissary. Durkin replied that he had no objections.

As Durkin recalled it, the Kerr Addison representative took by Raw came straight to the point and asked if Texas Gulf had found nickel. Durkin asked, "How you ever heard of 10 percent metal in this part?" Then he said, "We have no nickel—it was the trade."

On December 30, Foppy purchased 200 shares of Texas Gulf at \$22 per share, and on December 31, 180 shares at \$22.

In its efforts to stop the rumors, Texas Gulf executives made a statement to the *Northern Miner*. On February 27, 1964, the *Miner* reported:

"The rumor machine has Texas Gulf obtaining some (a) ore indications from its work."

"Not so!" was the gist of the remarks of a top TGS executive. TGS has turned up nothing suggestive of an anomaly to the extent, but the company is ill-dis-

continued on page 102

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TEXAS GULF continued

ing up redemptors of an arboreal survey done several years ago."

In the several reports of Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, the opening remark of President Claude Stephens in his message to shareholders was "Nineteen eighty-three was an excellent year for your company."

Only one paragraph made reference to the company's operations around Timmins.

"We have continued our metallic sulphide exploration activities in eastern Canada. The program has included geological and surface geophysical surveys and related drilling, all of which will be intensified during 1984. We have also staked claims on Crown lands and obtained options on potential acreage."

By March 27, Good Friday, Texas Gulf had completed the staking of the last claim in its land-acquisition program. Sure for a late-station group in Pioneer Township, Texas Gulf had every piece of land that it desired in the area, except plot where there was an anomaly that Hugh Clayton had perceived as worthy of investigation.

There was no suggestion to this point that Texas Gulf or its officers had any duty whatsoever to disclose their Timmins activities to shareholders or to the public. It is a clearly accepted principle that the responsibility of management to the corporation goes far beyond the responsibility to any individual shareholder. Certainly there was a corporate purpose to be served in maintaining, for as long as necessary, secrecy about the results of K-35-1 and about the subsequent attempts to unravel chosen land in the area.

It would have been responsible, or at least prohibitively expensive, for Texas Gulf to go right to this land if it had been known that the Kidd property had yielded a rich ore. The intensity of the land-acquisition campaign itself would have inspired the owners of privately owned land to drive a paltry bargain, and would have brought speculators and representatives of other mining companies into the competition.

It was now becoming urgent to make plans for the resumption of drilling. The water pipeline at Kidd 55 was close to the surface of the ground, and the spring there would make the terrain wet and grouse and ill but impossible. If drill rigs and other heavy equipment were to be moved to Kidd 55, it had to be done shortly. This indifference remained the privilege of only the tight little group centred in Texas Gulf's exploration department. The results of drill hole K-35-1 and the more timely knowledge that drilling was about to resume on the Kidd property.

On March 30 Walter Holyki with his wife bought 500 shares of Texas Gulf at \$23.57 per share. Ken Dault and some of his acquaintances to whom he had recommended the purchase of Texas Gulf were also present in the stock market. Dault had been in periodic contact during the preceding few months with an old girl friend Nancy Atkinson who now lived in Arlington, Virginia, and worked for the United States Department of Commerce. Mrs. Atkinson bought 400 shares of Texas Gulf on March 16, her brother, Mr. Maher Caskey, of Vienna, Virginia, bought 400 shares on 1,000 shares, her friend Brian Wrenn, of Arlington, bought 500 shares at \$23.73 each and Miss Atkinson's son, Herbert, K-35, an employee in the Commerce Department, bought calls on 2,000 shares.

In Toronto on March 3 Dault's brother Ernest bought a call on 500 shares at a price of 22½. He made a second purchase of a call on 300 shares at 21½. Another friend of Dault's, Catherine Miller of Toronto, picked up calls on 1,000 shares.

Bruce Paul MacNamee was also a friend of Ken Dault's and MacNamee made about \$40,000 as a result of his dealings from Dault. On May 12, 1983 he described it "It was no secret that I was a friend of Ken Dault's. I got a message on my wife's answer and such the money I bought options on 1,500 shares at a price of 22½. I exercised the option at 33½."

The deal was made by the Holykis and by Dault and his acquaintances on March 30 was quickly timed and not only because of the prospect of further drill investigation of Kidd 55. Unmistakably, the transactions were executed the day before Texas Gulf announced a two-dollar-per-share increase in the price of its stock. This was hard news that was bound to attract the market gaze of *Wall Street Journal*, and it did. Although the stock had already risen from \$22 to \$23 during March, it was to continue upward another two dollars per share in the coming week.

Chief Geologist Walter Holyki and Ken Dault were at the property when K-35-1 began drilling on the night of March 31. This was the second call to be issued into the Kidd 55 anomaly, and it would establish that K-35-1 had not drilled "down dry" — that is, through a wide but shallow body of ore. There was the worse danger, although hardly worth contemplating, that K-35-1 had bored through a narrow vein of ore, had drilled down a pipe."

In the evening of April 1, Holyki, transferred to Senior Vice-President, finally he would exercise of the one contract of the first lot of sale. The next day Mulholland passed on to Fogarty his

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TEXAS GULF continued

general observations of the core from K 35-3, and at the same time, Hoby's visual assays of the length from 164 feet to 192 feet. This type of dual confirmation remained until April 7, when K 35-1 was completed at a depth of 876 feet. Visual estimates of the core indicated an average copper content of 1.12 percent and an average zinc content of 7.93 percent over 641 feet of the hole.

The average gross assay values indicated by K 35-3, without regard to any other content, was \$26.43 per ton at prices then prevailing for copper and zinc. One with gross assay values of less than five dollars per ton had been previously mined from properties with similar characteristics and locations.

But geology is no rocket science. What Texas Gulf had discovered, in absolute terms, were two tubular-shaped lengths of core, with rich metal values extending over 400 feet in each case. It would be absurd to suggest that the remaining terrain, except for those lengths of core 116 inches in diameter, was barren land. On the other hand, it would have been imprudent to project the mineral values over the entire area of the anomaly. Fresh occurrences showed in rock strata; what made K 35-1 and K 35-3 especially tantalizing was that the high assay values in each hole extended for 400 feet — about the length of one football field.

Mining engineers for the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission later concluded that ore values projected in an east-west line from K 35-1 to K 35-3 to a width of 193 feet. They further argued that, even if the ore values were present for only six inches on either side of that east-west line, Texas Gulf had already found ore worth \$250,000.

By contrast, Addicks, the SEC's chief mining engineer, said it was most difficult to imagine that such rich ore would not extend for at least some distance north and south of the east-west plane established by K 35-1 and K 35-3. "However, it is not possible to prepare an estimate of ore reserves at this first week mining-engineering practice demands that volume be proven by a third drill hole, at least in a third dimension."

That third dimension was established by the third hole drilled into the Kold 35 anomaly, designated K 35-4. It was placed 200 feet to the south of the first hole, K 35-1. K 35-4 confirmed the existence of a third dimension. It was completed in three days, by 7 p.m. on April 10, and it encountered mineralization over 566 feet of its 570-foot length. Visual estimates indicated an average copper content of 1.14 percent over the entire drilled portion, and a 2.24 percent zinc.

That hole, K 35-4, went out of earth while mineralization 24 hours before, at



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the 4350-foot line, at 7 p.m. on April 9. This was a highly significant time and date, because, for the first time, Texas Gulf had a firm conclusion — if not proof — that the anomaly was in three dimensions.

By then at this point the SEC said that Texas Gulf had only discovered a mere "anomalous continuity of ore among the three drill holes. Addicks estimated that drilling had established 7.7 million tons of ore averaging 1.15 percent copper, 8.14 percent zinc, with a gross assay value per ton of ore of \$26.51 per ton. The gross value of this projected anomaly was \$204.2 million.

In the subsequent trial of 13 Texas Gulf employees on charges of insider trading, Judge Dudley Bonnell of the Southern District of New York decided that Texas Gulf's exploration prior to seven o'clock on the evening of April 9 was not material. Until that time he ruled, the company had yet to establish the probability that a body of commercial ore existed.

Before that time, therefore, he held that any information emanating from Kold 35 was not "material" in the sense that it might have been expected to substantially affect the market price of Texas Gulf shares. (Bonnell's ruling on this matter was later reversed by the Court of Appeals.)

During the night days that K 35-1 and K 35-4 were drilled, it determined the second and third dimensions of the anomaly. Senior Vice-President Charles Fogarty bought 500 shares, 441 of them at \$26.50 each on April 1 and the other 59 shares at prices between \$26.12 and \$27.47 on April 6. (Fogarty's shares bought 100 shares at \$25.87 on April 2, and Mrs. McMillan with the exploration manager purchased 100 shares at \$26.12 on April 6.)

At the same time, Fogarty in discussions with President Claude Stephens formalized tentative plans to announce the progress of drilling at K 35 at the annual meeting of shareholders scheduled for April 23 at Houston at the company's principal office. Still, as word of the discovery was passed on to the non-executive members of management, and even David Crawford, Texas Gulf's secretary and manager of public and governmental relations, flew from New York to Houston to plot the physical setup of the annual meeting, without being aware of developments at Kold 35.

WALL STREET PLANS were being circulated at Texas Gulf, dinner around the April 9 evening edition of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* published a story about the discovery rumors. The *Toronto Star* meanwhile, had dispatched a reporter to Toronto to check out the rumors. These

new reports were quickly transmitted to New York by telephone and Telex. The next day, April 16, 92,500 shares of Texas Gulf changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange and the price climbed to its high for the day of \$30.12.

On the morning of April 11, the New York Herald Tribune carried a front page story. The first published report in the *United States* attributed to Texas Gulf's rumored discovery in Kold 35.

One of the first members of Texas Gulf's senior management to see the Herald Tribune story was David Crawford. Crawford didn't know that Texas Gulf was exploring in Kold 35 until April 11, as he telephoned from the airport to the home of Texas Gulf President Claude Stephens in Connecticut. Stephens had not yet seen the article and asked Crawford to read it to him over the telephone.

Stephens wanted no time phoning Senior Vice-President Fogarty, the man with overall responsibility for all Texas Gulf's exploration. When Fogarty had approved himself of the newspaper article, Stephens said that Texas Gulf would have to make a press release to "clarify" the rumors.

For the next two or three hours, Fogarty sat at home, rereading all the information at his disposal, reread the newspaper article, and jotted down some ideas for a news release. The next morning, Fogarty

called Stephens to read the first draft of the release. Robert Curran, a vice-president of Dorrance and Company, the public-relations firm that handled Texas Gulf's account, listened in on a telephone extension. Stephens suggested no major changes, but indicated that the release should be distributed to the newspapers and wire services as soon as possible. He did suggest that since Fogarty had largely written the release, he should be named in it as the spokesman. It read in part:

"New York, April 12, 1964—... During the past few days, the exploration activities of Texas Gulf Sulphur in the area of Timmins, Ontario, have been widely reported in the press, coupled with rumors of a substantial copper discovery there. These reports exaggerated the scale of operations, and mention plans and strategies of some kind and of ore that are without factual basis and have evidently originated by speculation of people not connected with TGS.

"Recent drilling on our property near Timmins has led to preliminary indications that more drilling would be required for proper evaluation of this prospect. The drilling done to date has not been conclusive, but the statements made by many outside quarters are unwarranted and indicate information and figures that are not available to TGS.

Continued on page 107

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TEXAS GULF continued

"The work done to date has not been sufficient to reach definite conclusions and any statement as to size and grade of ore would be premature and possibly misleading."

The government later charged that this press release was false and misleading and an attempt to deceive the public. Certainly if it was meant to cool down the stock market, it didn't have that immediate effect. Monday morning, April 13, Texas Gulf shares traded at a seven-year high of \$32.

POOR DAYS LATER, on April 16, Texas Gulf called a press conference and issued a second release. That was the announcement.

"Texas Gulf Sulphur Company has made a major strike of zinc, copper and silver in the Tintic area of Utah, Canada."

"Seven drill holes are now essentially complete and indicate an ore body of at least 600 feet in length, 300 feet in width and having a vertical depth of more than 800 feet."

"This is a major discovery. The preliminary data indicates a reserve of more than 25 million tons of ore. The only hole assigned so far represents over 600 feet of ore, indicating a true thickness of nearly 400 feet."

"Visual examination of cores from the other holes indicates considerable grade and continuity of ore."

"The ore body is shallow, having only some 20 feet of overburden. The mines that it can easily be mined initially by the open-pit method."

At the close of stock-market trading that day, the price of Texas Gulf shares had climbed from \$34 to \$37. Two weeks later the stock was at \$55, a year later it was \$70, ultimately, Texas Gulf stock rose to above \$150 per share.

One year and three days after that fateful press conference, the Securities and Exchange Commission issued a subpoena in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York.

The complaint charged that Texas Gulf Sulphur had issued on April 12 a press release that was false and misleading and that 13 of its officers, directors, and employees had used information not generally available to the public in order to make personal stock-market profits. The SEC said that even the fine drill hole in November 1963 "purely substantial" indication, if not proof, that Texas Gulf had discovered a mine of immeasurable value.

At the subsequent trial the judge decided in favor of Texas Gulf. But the SEC appealed this decision and a new trial was ordered. The hearing is still pending. □



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PLATFORM



Opinion polls are better than ever—let's use them, says Senator Keith Davey

"Every morning when I take my little dog Happy for a walk, I march with great interest what he does to the polls" — JOHN DEWEY

from depressing the validity of polling, as has been suggested, really underscored its value. As Librarians, we believed from our sampling that we could have achieved a majority had we gone to the country in 1964, that an election in the autumn of 1965 was a calculated risk, and that there was no reason to believe that our fortunes were about to reverse the then-evident gap. (It is also interesting to note that our plea for a majority government was successful, just as the pollsters had warned.)

By 1965 political surveys had become an accepted fact of life in Canada. The determination of strategy had become increasingly complex as polling techniques have become more precise. It is notable that the Thomas Donnan debate of 20 years earlier in the U.S. was not repeated when pollsters were able to predict accurately Hubert Humphrey's decisive last-minute surge in the presidential election last November.

The polling technique is basically simple. A statistically valid but scientifically accurate, cross section (Gallup reportedly uses 700 Canadians for its national studies) is interviewed and the results tabulated. An accurate "weighting table" in the do-important key is a poll's significance. It not only reveals where people are switching their votes, but also because of what issues and which personalities. This information is studied against a detailed background of voting patterns. Thus a party can detect its weaknesses and exploit its advantages.

Because each national studies cost a great deal of money, there has been de-

volved an amateur version for use at the riding level. It is usually undertaken by a group of party workers, often students, who must acquire some degree of detachment at least for the period of the study. I have been involved personally in my number of such local studies. One interesting case in point: Toronto's Don Valley riding in 1968. The Liberal candidate, Robert Kaplan (now first deputy member of parliament), was concerned about the personal impact his Tory opponent Dalton Camp might have on the electorate (this as a member of the Stiefel staff that is someone who might be an outstanding MP). We were able to determine that for every person planning to vote for Mr. Camp for this reason, another was prepared to vote against him for what he had done to "poor old John Diefenbaker".

Political polling has two cardinal rules. First, find out only those things about which you can do something prior to election day. It is not enough to find out whether you are winning or losing—especially since you will find this out free of charge on election day. Second, you must believe and not second-guess your results. For example, while it was unacceptable to those of us who knew him well, it was a simple fact of life that some people thought Lester Pearson was a "smart power"—nothing could be further from the truth, but in politics appearance matters as much as fact—and strategy had to be played with this knowledge before us.

Those who are concerned about the legitimacy of public-opinion polling in politics tend to ignore several basic safeguards. They are, first, the basic honesty of our party leaders and, second, the ability of a political party to judge its own strength and to convert it to its philosophy. For example, in the 1965 election we knew that these would be diverting political consequences in Ontario if we failed to move forward with a moderate plan, and that there would be equally devastating consequences in Alberta if we did promise moderate. The plan was included, but only a cynic would refuse his inclusion to the fact that there are four times as many voters in Ontario as in Alberta.

While one reflects upon any scientific measurement of public attitudes easily points the way to democracy. As society becomes more and more complex, polling becomes an increasingly effective way of determining individual social and economic needs instead, so may ultimately evolve into an even more direct form of consensual democracy. Until we do, the public-opinion study is itself a useful tool in the hands of those who wish to understand the nation and improve our government. □

NEXT MONTH: Charlie Taylor

mixmaster



Enjoy it with your favourite mix as its brassy flavour comes shining through

New Dr. Spock was forced to argue a splendid cause in a small way

For those of us who attended the trial every day, the courtroom was an enclosed world with a life of its own, not unlike life about a cruise ship.

EVERY JUDICIAL, every court reporter, every type writer knows that trial strategy. A place on the press bench is like a royal box at the Blenheim Comedy, a strategic point to witness the small drama of life. On such a bench in such a drawing courtroom a redneck and mildly eccentric English schoolmaster named James Milford sat with some 40 colleagues of the world's press to report the trial for conspiracy of Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., Michael Perlman, Michael Goodman and Marcus Raskin.

The four-week proceedings in Judge Francis J. W. Ford's courtroom on the 12th floor of the Boston Post Office Building will not become an anthropologist's item among the world's great trials. They lacked passion, day-after-day, a disorienting Durrell. There was a trial of grey men, stayed by lawyers with pink-striped ties, in the dusty Ptolemaean tradition of Hobson and Fogg.

It might have been different, for the accused were not unknown, for their challenge to authority not small. Spock, the genial, big-haired baby doctor, loomed in the box like a granite symbol of the decent Yankee. His *Cosmos* (1966), *Book of Baby* and *Child Care* was second only to the Bible among best sellers, after 50 years of political orthodoxy, he had been asked to denounce a Vietnam war he called "racially, abominably, illegal".

The "Boston Five" had avoided prosecution, but they had not escaped — they hardly knew each other. Individually, they urged American concerns to ban or curb in draft cards. They were prosecuted, a Justice Department official told Miss Milford, "to provide a graceful way out" for Gen. Lewis Henson, then a figure of controversy for urging that young men who demonstrate against the draft laws be subject to immediate call-up. Individually, the five had viewed charges of counselling concepts to bear their draft cards; they had already expected charges of conspiracy, which

broaden the rules of evidence. Denying testimony against one defendant, which would normally be ruled out, is allowed to be heard because it is admissible against another. Introduced on the law by 35-year-old Judge Ford, a jury friend of except Raskin gaily. The four were each sentenced to two years in penitentiary, but the convictions were reversed by a court of appeal.

The charge was conspiracy, something the five were obliged in honesty to deny. Deliberately asked by what Miss Milford audaciously termed "a price of lawyers," these leaders of the peace movement were impelled to justify themselves. They rationalized. They dissembled. What began for them as a moral crusade against the world's greatest arbitrary power was Doomed and Foggied into the post-war legions. In Coffin's regretful phrase "Few frustrations are comparable to those of having to argue a big case in a small way."

The government message in the Spock trial, Miss Milford reports, "came over loud and clear": you are not as free as you think you are. The message of the war protesters was

sadly muffled. Only on the evening after the conviction, when the Spocks walked like housewives, was there the warmth of acceptance, a spontaneous standing ovation. "Forker House bar napkins, travelling salesman, Keweenaw convention type-a, middle-aged couples rest for a night on the lawn... all slipping in through their lives deposited on it, all for the brief moment co-conspirators."

The trial record isn't all. When she moves from reporting to commentary, James Milford discerns in Spock a "haunting premonition of war." As easily, as good-humouredly as she indicted the funeral industry in her *American Way of Death*, she here rebuts the conspiracy theory, the trustable judge, the overworked jury. Her low-keyed attack is more telling than rhetoric. She is there in the courtroom, and so are you. She approaches her high-keyed berries in an urbane voice, but for her they are berries still. Her unpunctuated tone is right. For surely, in the reporting of the trial of our time, we have experienced a surfeit of indignation.

The Trial of Dr. Spock, Random House, \$8.95

The man who foretold Gritterdämmerung

FOR ALMOST 25 years Eric Foner reported Ottawa to Canadians through the pages of *Maclean's*, establishing an unvarnished reputation for constant wisdom and occasional prophecy. Now, 18 months after his death in a swimming accident, his notes have published a selection of his reports, lectures and letters. It comes as a striking reminder of the span of his interests. He was a most acute parliamentary reporter. Three years before John Diefenbaker became Conservative leader, Foner was documenting an "almost total surrender to criticism", 15 months before Diefenbaker's first election victory, Foner was warning of an impending "Gritterdämmerung" (the twilight of the Grits). He was a diligent world

traveler from World War II to China's cultural revolution. His passion for the wilderness and the north is reflected in two essays. But what his collection underscores is Foner's role as an English Canadian who understood Quebec, where he spent the first half of his working life. In 1945 he was questioning Quebec City publishers about profits for liquor farmers under Duplessis, and in 1968 he was defining René Lévesque as the national separatist. His sensitivity to French-Canadian feeling was part of Foner's specific civility, quality, and the collection represents it well.

Eric Foner Reports, edited by John and Graham Foner, Macmillan, \$7.95 □

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The Easy Riders are acid-head messiahs of an opt-out creed: "Give up on America and save ourselves!"

It was once a superbly produced and persuasive film, open to a variety of responses and interpretations. On one level it could be argued that *Easy Rider* is the poster "message" Hollywood self-flagellate anthropomorphs, following on *The Bad and The Beautiful* or *Valley of the Dolls*.

Actors Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper produced and directed. *Easy Rider* and play its two leading characters, Wyatt and Billy. Robert Walker Jr., son of the late Robert Walker, plays the very important part of Jack, the hippie commune leader. *Easy Rider* can be viewed as the very personal statement of young Hollywood as rebellion against the old Llewellyn Parsons-Lena B Meyer morality of Papa Henry Fonda and Robert Walker and Mamas Rita Hayworth and Judy Garland.

Sociologist Lester Kinsler has argued that the student-power, generation-gap rebellion is simply the current stage for acting out the Gnostic rebellion of the age against the father. In Peter Fonda, *Easy Rider* would be the cinematic expression of the Hollywood family in Gnostic rebellion.

Peter Fonda's father of Papa Henry is as well known as his brother with the law over drug abuse. In *Easy Rider* neither Fonda, Hopper nor Walker makes any pretense about his personal use of drugs, nor are they vague about its purpose and meaning.

Drugs are hardly new in Hollywood. But the "New" comment in *Easy Rider* was not a new comment in different purpose and lifestyle. That Hollywood was time-dominated and work-driven, the both goddess of success detached a drug pill, a wake up pill, and a pill to meet the demanding commitments of studio schedules. That Hollywood symbolized the Puritan ethic with a monkey on its back.

The drug culture in *Easy Rider* is much different. Freedom from the demands of time and studio discipline is implicit in the very structure of the film. The studio is abandoned for the motorcycle and the open road. Locations are picked up on the way and fitted into the scene theme. The tyranny of time is symbolically discarded when Wyatt throws away his watch.

As the odyssey across America begins, Pat and Neil are dressed to the hilt and the glory they are used to liberate, to risk and to express, to clear away the cobwebs of the bourgeois mind.

But if on one level *Easy Rider* is a young Hollywood in anthropology, on another level its approach is much more universal, more interesting and more convincing. The sons and daughters of success and work-driven suburban America find *Easy Rider* easy to ride with. The audiences for *Easy Rider* are for the most part young people, that attitude to the film is one of involvement and communion, bordering on a religious awe and mysticism.

Maria described religion as the opposite of the music, in *Easy Rider*, opposite is the new religion. Delicate soulages with early Christianity and the Christian experience abound. Wyatt and Billy are Christ-like figures. The hippie commune resembles the lifestyle of the Emerson George Hume's first American experience is baptism. Wyatt, Billy and the brothers taking and in communion. The levitated, automatic killing of Wyatt and Billy is Crucifixion.



Peter Fonda as Wyatt is a drug culture that fathers in the open road.

The America they all travel upon is Rome, the baroque, mad-boddy, degenerate Rome in full decline and fall. The message preached by Wyatt and Billy resembles the lastest approach of the Pauline Creed. Both offer a new look at reality and both try to take over the minds of men. As Christianity wrote off Rome, the mid-century wrote off America. Both shunned institutional reform in the quest for personal salvation.

Like the Pauline Creed, the dogma of *Easy Rider* are homeless and for-bidding. Glibton blamed the fall of Rome on the inadvertent alliance of the mob of Rome with the opt-out creed of Christianity. From divergent routes the approaches of both conspired to destroy the glories of Rome.

"A man went looking for America and couldn't find it anywhere," says *Easy Rider*. What he found named was the brutalized ideas of dream-people Wallace America. If that's all that's left of the American Dream, then this opt-out solution of the personal quest may not be the only way out.

The Dark Ages followed the glories of Rome. What presumably will follow the new individualist alliance of the Wallacean and the soul-bonds is a New Dark Age.

What disturbed me was the repetition of symbols of the young people in the audience with the dogma of *Easy Rider*. They seemed prepared to eagerly embrace the new uniformity and tyranny of the reversed blown mind. What disturbed me was the publicity seekers and press books reviewed by Columbia Pictures, the distributors of *Easy Rider*.

For if there's a touch of the character in Hopper and Fonda, there's a touch of the Bible salesman, too. "Go after the *Easy Rider* generation," the press books proclaim. "Involve students, parents and educators in panel discussions, forums on the recent generation gap. Arrange for school publications, symposia, etc. etc. Yes, folks, there's a lot of life still left in quick-back America. Who knows, maybe it can buy some time for my own weary generation and perhaps, even, for the next one to come." □

FILMS

BY LARRY ZOLF

How does the artist
get a square deal
in this age of larceny
by copying machine?



THE MANE YOU have piped through your Air Canada jet-liner pays the composer a royalty. When the same composition is piped through the airport, he receives nothing. This trouble of inconsistency arises, like every other, from the Canadian Copyright Act of 1924. It requires no royalty for performances by "phonophones" (the support was a flat disc on a turntable) but fails to exempt tape (used ahead the phone) because, of course, the tape recorder was not yet invented in 1924.

One prominent lawyer describes the Act, which is to protect works of art, as "a dreadful, obscure mass without a trace of meaning in some quarters." Even so the latest printing (1953) relied off the Queen's Printer's old-fashioned press, the flood of photocopy machines, tape recorders and compacts was gathering.

The result has been not law, but squall. The biggest consumer of books in our society is the educational system — which is also the biggest offender. It is dreadful that any of our universities, at many of our schools, and libraries, could imagine today without photocopy machines daily breaking the law by multiplying chapters, courses and illustrations from someone else's property.

In a belated attempt to control the flood, the federal government has a committee of civil servants working on a new copyright law. The Economic Council of Canada (a curious body to advise on the arts in this proprietary democracy) is preparing a report to guide the committee.

But even with an improved law, can the whole apparatus of copyright, which embodies the essentially negative concept of restrictive, cope with a world in which the public demands for copies outright and demands the proactive controls? The Migrant Law mentality is even more futile in 1969. The power—and therefore the control—now rests not with the original authors of works of art, but with the distributors and their army of robot copies.

Today, huge corporations buy and sell artists with capricious largesse. The water is now the guy (the only

one of the guys) who controls continuity or dialogue to deliver an idea thought up by a vice-president. The finished trace product can be photographed, filmed or recorded at home or offshore by anyone with the price of the appropriate gadget.

How do you play "Who Owns the Copyright?" when an impresario may pick any four kids off any street, teach them a hot arrangement of any old song, and turn the package into a million-dollar quarter by skillful promotion, or when computers (or plotters of mechanical arms) can churn out ten-music, non-levels and ornament for an avid mass market? When best-selling books, songs and films look and sound like peas from the same pod, how do you police, not grand luxury, but millions of petty pilferings — performed in full public view with the public's blessing?

Surely it is high time we looked at alternative systems, if only because the present one is so costly as it is inefficient. Its main beneficiaries are neither the creators nor the public, but agents and lawyers.

No one would dispute that a creative artist must get a fair return on the time, labor and talent he invests in what international law calls "intellectual property." The question is, rather, how he may best be properly paid.

To achieve this, at least two practical alternatives to the current copyright system exist, and they could be extended to cover all the arts.

One is the industrialized tax. Some European countries, for example, tax imported films and devote the revenue to their own film industry. The most familiar Canadian example is that of the arts councils — federal, provincial and occasionally municipal. Financed mainly from tax revenues, they give grants to groups and individuals, to the point where most of the "intellectual property" we possess would collapse without it. Expanding the technique, the individual writer or artist could be paid by the government, out of tax revenues.

The political objection, that this would invite full state control of the arts, gains little validation from the history of our arts councils. It also fails to consider the present dictatorship

over books and other teaching materials exercised by provincial departments of education. Once series control, it is a question not of whether or not of which.

If a tax were politically unpalatable, a similar technique already exists in the private sector, the licensing fee levied, by law, on all additions to cover musical presentations, and payable to CAPAC (Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada). Fees thus collected are then distributed to the members according to the contributions of each. It does not take much imagination to envisage a wider system in which professional art associations of all kinds could collect fees on behalf of their members — and, in fact, this is a commonplace in European countries.

Both tax and levy methods have two crucial benefits. The artist is relieved of the arduous (now insupportable) task of policing his own copyright, and the collecting is done on a broad basis regardless of the number of copies made. Both may be likened to an "All You Can Eat" for \$2.50 restaurant policy, instead of the most costly item by item. Neither is without its difficulties and dangers, but these pale beside the logistical nightmare ahead for the present ineptible system.

The principal barrier facing the introduction of any new system in our country is that the existing copyright laws are embedded in international convention. But a start must be made somewhere. Canada could lead.

Another difficulty would be to convince the writers and artists that they must either get deeply involved in distribution, or in large numbers surrender personal control of the fate of their works. Here it is instructive to reflect on the case of the musician. Under the law, an author may copyright his designs but not the holding itself or "processes or methods of construction." Once it is built, no one pays for the right to use his hardware, or to photograph or film it, or even to copy his whole concept.

Having been suitably recompensed in the first place, he goes on to design another building, leaving plagiarists and copycats do their work. □



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